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(A CONFIDENTIAL EXPOSÉ)

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700-DAY
VOYAGE

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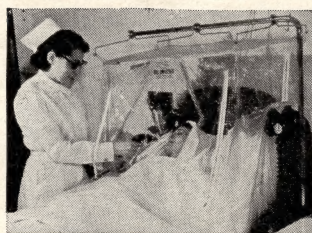
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Sky-high Hospital bills can wreck your life savings if you don't have enough Hospitalization. Mail Coupon Below!



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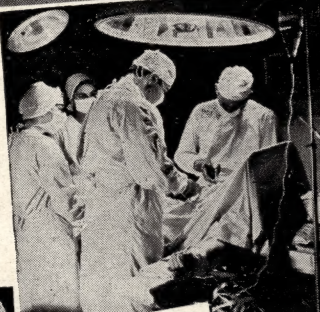
confinement. This is the way practical minded folks are protecting their savings against today's sky-high Hospital bills.

So be wise! If you're already insured with one Policy — get the "NO TIME LIMIT" Policy for vital EXTRA protection. Of course if you're not insured at all, then by all means get this Policy just as fast as you can — before it's too late.

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SENT FREE
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ARCH

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REASON #2. The demand for accountants is great—everywhere. All business must have trained accountants to cope with ever-growing requirements. It's a profession offering wide opportunity—always—to the man who knows. The accountant's duties are interesting, varied, and of real worth to his employers. He has standing.

REASON #3. You can fit into any business, anywhere in the country—

because accounting principles are universal. Think what this means in terms of security and independence!

REASON #4. Accountancy is open to all. Any man or woman of good intelligence, who enjoys figure work and is willing to follow LaSalle's systematic "problem method" plan, can rapidly qualify for a highly profitable, enjoyable lifetime career... and he doesn't have to finish his training before beginning to "cash in."

REASON #5. Without losing a day from your present work, you can prepare in spare hours at home, at low cost. LaSalle has trained nearly 10 per cent of all the Certified Public Accountants in the U.S. ... and many thousands of others who are now enjoying high-paying careers.

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Just suppose you were permitted to work in a large accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then more difficult ones. If you could do this—and could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

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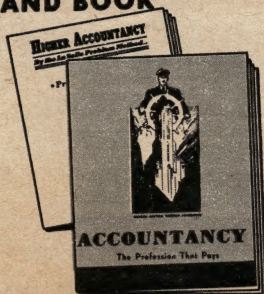
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MARTIN GOODMAN, Publisher

FEBRUARY, 1955

Vol. 6, No. 2

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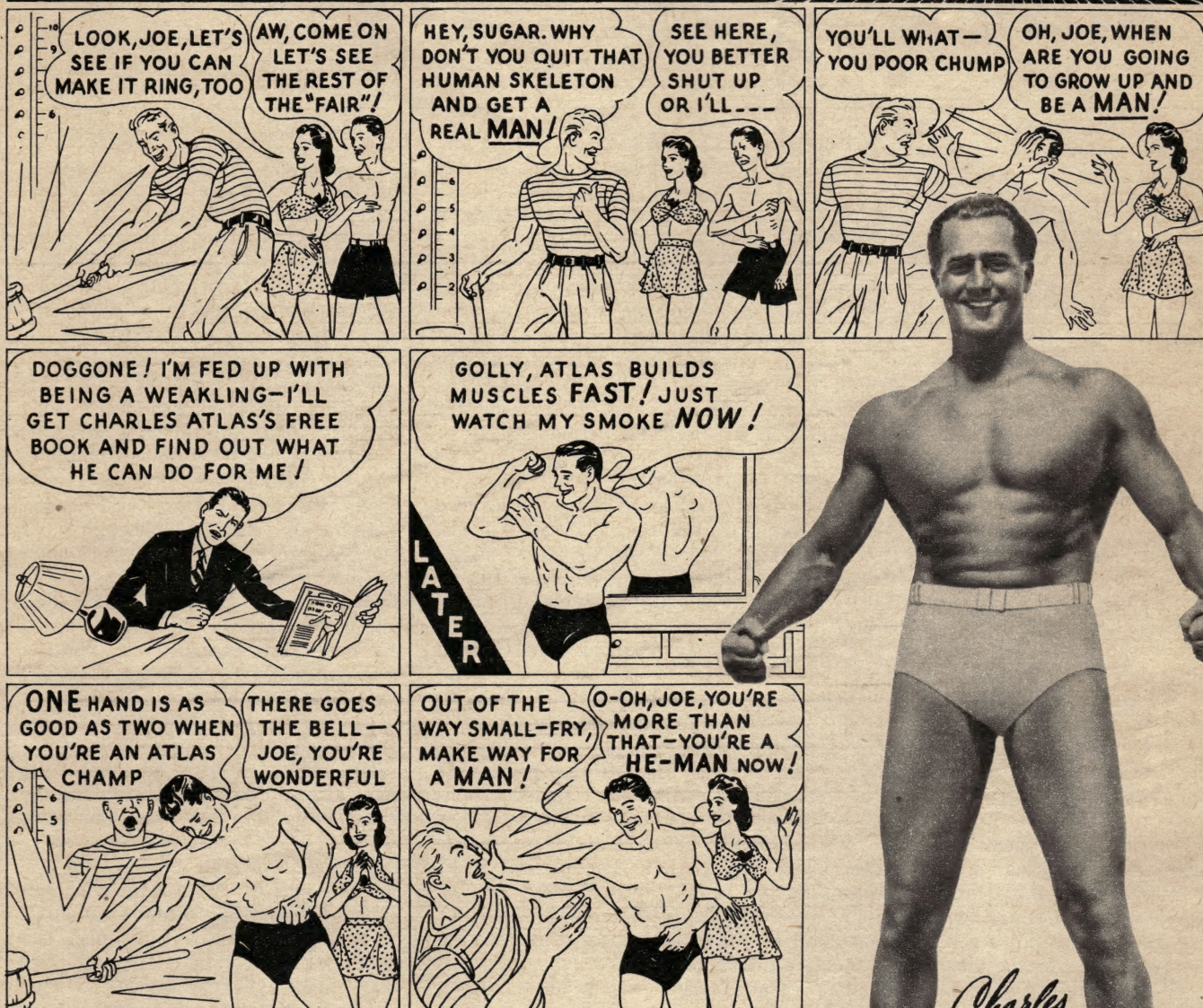
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Midwest
WILLIAM R. STEWART
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West Coast
LOYD B. CHAPPELL
810 So. Robertson,
Los Angeles 35, Calif.

STAG is published MONTHLY by OFFICIAL MAGAZINE CORP. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 655 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. Additional entry at CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. Copyright 1954 by OFFICIAL MAGAZINE CORP., 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Vol. 6, No. 2, February 1955 issue. Price 25¢ per copy. Subscription rate \$3.25 for 12 issues including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes. Printed in the U.S.A.

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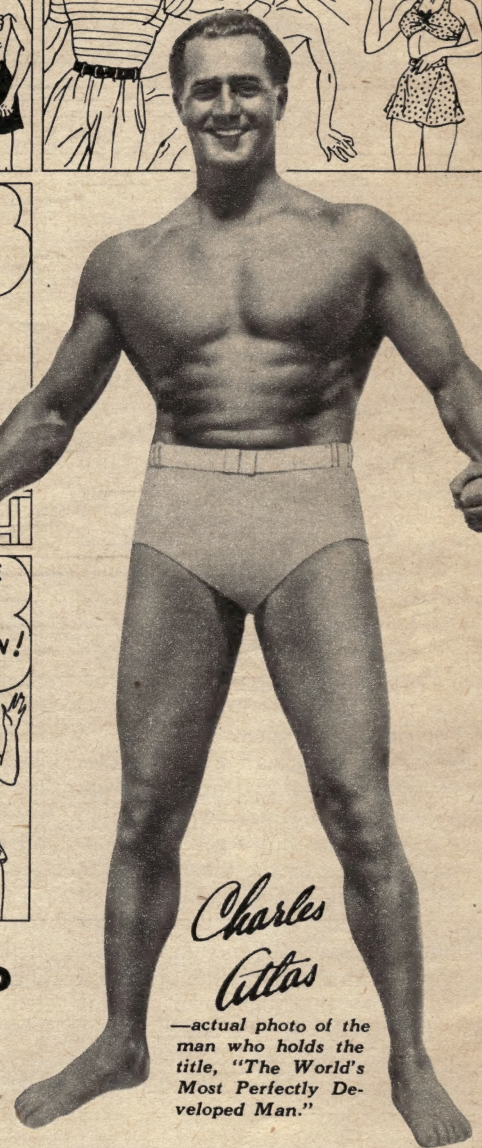
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Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, “The World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man.”



ON THE stag LINE



When we caught up with Phil Kriegler (see "They Beat My Brains out in Phenix City," page 18) he was bent over a back table at New York's 57th Street Automat swallowing vanilla glacé cakes. "After what I went through, they're one of the few things I can eat. Glacé cakes, jello and white bread. I eat a steak and it lays on my stomach."

The bushy-eyebrowed Broadway press agent told us about getting his head changed around in Phenix City and then kicked himself for ever going there in the first place. "What did I need it for? I was disc jockey at station KFRU in Columbia, Missouri, and if you know that town, you know that there are three girls' colleges right next to each other, Stephens College, Christian College and the University of Missouri.

"I'm no killer when it comes to looks, but any guy with a body makes out in Columbia. I had a show, *Disc Derby*, you know, I took requests from these co-eds. If I didn't get 20 propositions a night over the telephone, I'm not sitting here. Of course, a lot of them chickened out when they saw me, but there was still enough to make me happy. That's the kind of deal I left to go to that pig town, Phenix City. I'm trying to get back to the three girl colleges, but it's not easy."

Before we left him, "Broadway"

Phil, which is how his friends address him, told us he now press-agents for the Eddie Jaffe publicity agency.

"Don't worry, though," he said in parting. "I haven't forgotten Phenix City. Every time I read about it in the papers, my stomach tanks out on me and I get nervous all over again. When they do a job on you, they really do a job."

Phil might be able to stomach the "pig town"

now that, under martial law, they have run an honest election there. The reform crowd won a sizable majority last September 20th, and perhaps the century-old stamping ground of vice will clean itself up permanently.

THE November, 1954, issue of STAG mentioned the activities of a group of motorcyclists called "The Roaring Tigers" in the story about "Milwaukee: Dames, Dice and Dope." We are now happy to report that that particular description of the Roaring Tigers misrepresented the group as it stands today.

We have been informed that the Tigers have experienced a considerable reorganization and are now auxiliary members of the Milwaukee County Sheriff's Department. Members must be over 20 years old and are checked thoroughly before entering on a probationary period. The present membership is 12, and 70 per cent are married men with families. They are all employed and not a single one has a criminal record.

The Roaring Tigers are currently participating in a campaign to promote safe motorcycle activity. Each member carries a card that best illustrates how the Tigers have been completely tamed. The card reads: "You have just been aided by a member of the Roaring Tigers Motorcycle Club.

Please remember to do a good turn for someone else. Thank you." The cards are distributed to people who have been helped by the motorcyclists along the highway.

WHEN you manage the Pittsburgh Pirates of the National League, you dwell in the niche of anonymity usually reserved for Vice-Presidents of the United States, speech-writers for politicians and the voice on the phone that informs you about weather conditions. Fred Haney, who IS the manager of the Pirates, manages to go completely unnoticed in hotel lobbies, restaurants like Toots Shor's, and outside the ball park that his club happens to be playing in that day—which is all right with him.

If there is any curiosity about Mr. Haney, it has to do with his reasons for taking the Pirate job. He was basking in the California sunshine and winning pennants with the Hollywood team of the Pacific Coast League a couple of years ago, when his old friend, Branch Rickey, alerted him. An old major leaguer at heart, (he played for the Browns, Tigers, Red Sox, Cubs, Cards), Mr. Haney heeded the call, just as old Burt Shotton once obliged Mr. Rickey when Brooklyn's Leo Durocher was thumbed out of baseball in 1947. Burt won a pennant immediately.

Mr. Haney, a spry, pleasant little man, also obliged Mr. Rickey in the Pirate situation. But there the analogy with Mr. Shotton ends.

Through no fault of his own (in baseball circles Mr. Haney is adjudged a sound, intelligent strategist), he has done nothing but finish last since he arrived in Pittsburgh two years ago. The reason: Mr. Haney has been staked to a succession of bonus babies, bubble gum poppers and bench warmers. The combination has helped him lose a heartbreaking number of ball games, a situation that the Pirate pilot frankly discusses on page 38. ♦♦♦



Phil Kriegler's nightmare: "This big lout lumbered toward me, slugged me in the jaw, rocked me off my feet. What could I do?"

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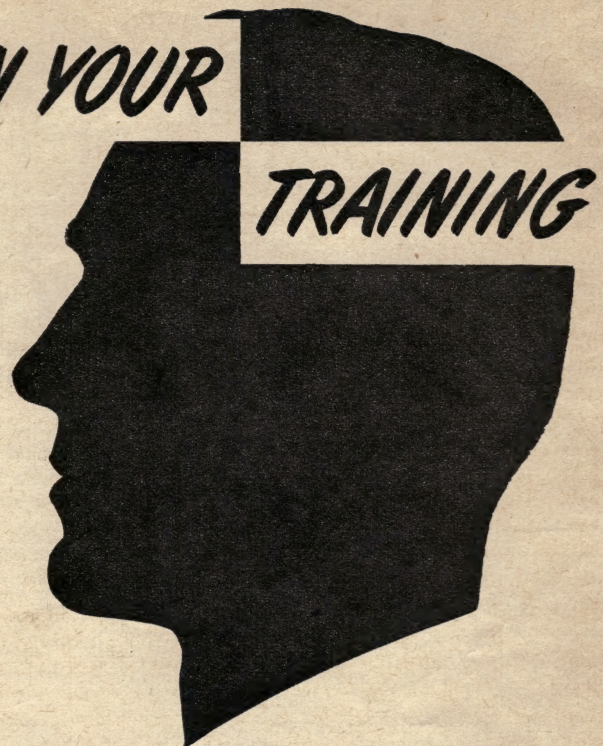
THE pressure is mounting. Competition for jobs is growing fast. Business and industry are tightening up. Every man or woman holding a good job is now, in effect, "on probation."

Are there "weak spots" in your training? Now's the time to get after them! Six months from now may be too late.

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Medical Memo

by Roger Stirling

DECEPTIVE EYE TROUBLE—When your eye becomes inflamed, consider the possibility that it may be due to an allergy, and not an eye disease. Doctors sometimes have difficulty in telling the difference. Most usual sign of eye allergy is conjunctivitis (inflammation of lining of an eyelid) and the symptoms are much like those of other eye diseases. A leading New York eye specialist reports that allergic reactions in the eyes to simple contact with an allergic-producing agent are most common now. Eyes may be sensitive to anesthetics, antibiotics, sulfa drugs. Some eyedrops have allergy-producing mercury compounds and often ointment bases and chemicals used as preservatives in harmless drugs cause allergy.

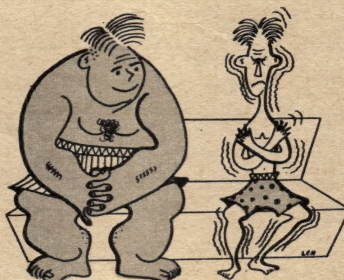
EMOTIONAL CASUALTIES—To give first aid to "emotional casualties" in a fire, flood, tornado or other disaster, you needn't be a psychologist. Just observe a few basic rules, says a committee of psychiatrists. First, you must understand and control your own emotions; then you must accept every person's right to have his own feelings, no matter how strange they seem. For disaster victims who show some "signs of disturbance," a word of encouragement may be enough. For victims who panic, lose control and rush pointlessly about, you should first use gentle firmness, then strong but not brutal physical restraint; *don't* slap his face or douse him with cold water! Those who



seem depressed and numb can be helped with a few minutes' talk, a show of real personal interest and the assignment of simple tasks to bring them back to reality. When a victim believes that some part of his body has ceased to function, treat

him with consideration, make him feel you're interested and give him small jobs to do until medical help arrives.

WHY THIN MEN SHIVER—If you're fat, you'll be able to stand the cold more easily this winter than your skinny pals. Army researchers recently got a number

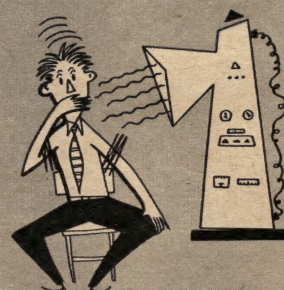


of GI volunteers to sit for two hours in a 60-degree room wearing nothing but shorts. They discovered that chubby men, protected by their insulation of fat, just relaxed; although their skin temperature dropped, their internal body temperature remained normal. On the other hand, the thin men had to battle the cold by shivering and burning more food to keep warm; they had higher skin temperatures due to their shivering and the process of drawing on the body's internal heat supply.

SOBERING THE LUSH—Still pursuing the perfect cure for alcoholism, Swedish doctors are relying less and less on the much-touted Antabuse, finding that it is seldom helpful in the acute stages. And psychotherapy, they report, is usually wasted on severe cases, though it remains the most important feature of treatment later on. In the past three years, the Swedish experts have been trying out a drug called Phenergan with encouraging results. Combined with sodium chloride, it has been "very effective" in diminishing and often preventing a troublesome after-effect of anxiety and restlessness, and it has helped break the chain of a period of alcoholism. When the patient can go for a week without any liquor, the treatment is regarded as successful.

MYSTERY JAUNDICE—The discovery of a brand new type of jaundice by Army researchers will save many unnecessary operations, particularly on young men. It's a chronic condition traced to an unknown color chemical in the liver. Until this discovery, the ailment had been confused with viral hepatitis or obstructive jaundice. Many a GI had to undergo surgery needlessly and spend months in bed while medics tried numerous tests and treatments; often, patients were sent home with the feeling they were unfit and couldn't work again. Now a surgeon, taking out a piece of liver with a needle, can tell whether the patient has the newly discovered jaundice. Those who have it can live normal lives, though their skin and eye whites may occasionally turn yellow. Common symptoms are stomach pains, fatigue, dark urine; often the jaundice had flared up during an attack of pneumonia or some other ailment. The disease is not contagious, not serious; the cause is unknown.

IN BRIEF—Latest trick for making persistent hiccups disappear is through supersonic waves, according to Brazilian doctors who report the hiccups were cured after the first application. . . . Since most men don't eat hard food or chew their food thoroughly, gum-chewing is good for them because it helps the flow of saliva and hence makes teeth more sound, contend German scientists. . . . A promising



chemical weapon against leukemia may also check brain tumors. Tested on lab mice, the chemical—6-mercapto-purine—was able to pass the "blood-brain barrier," showing it probably would reach the brain tumor if given this way. ♦♦♦

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12-Year-Old Surprises Her Friends



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"I have taught two of my friends to play from the Course. They simply love it. Now they are on their own and learning fast. Many of my friends are enrolling in the Course just from seeing and hearing me play."

—Patsy Jeffrey, Sweetwater, Texas

How Famous Orchestra Leader Got His Start

"I got my start in music with a U. S. School Course. How easy it is to learn to read notes and play an instrument this 'teach yourself' way! In fact, this school did so much for me that I've enrolled my two daughters."

—Lawrence Welk, famous orchestra leader. (Picture on other side of page)

Excels Friend Who Has Teacher

"I never took lessons before I started to take them from you—and still I can play better than my friends who began at the same time I did with a private teacher."



"I now play for church, mission band, Y, and our concerts in school. I love to play and my friends and relatives marvel at how I play at the age of 13."

—Joan Lueck, Big Stone, South Dakota

"How Rapidly I Am Progressing"

"I just want to tell you how much I enjoy your lessons for the Tenor Banjo, and how rapidly I am progressing. Lessons are so simple, anyone can understand them; yet so thorough I have learned to play by note in just a short time."

—Andrew Schneider, Hanna, Wyoming. (Picture on other side of page)

"Opened Door to Popularity"

"I was able to play many pieces in a short time. Family and friends certainly surprised. Course opened door to popularity, wider circle of friends."

—Peter H. Kozyra, P.O. Brokenhead, Manitoba. (Picture on other side of page)

Couldn't Learn Before Now Plays at Church

"I had tried several times to start music lessons. I had been depending on a teacher before. Now I am able to play when needed at church and young people's services, etc."

—Mrs. P. J. Tatman, Sycamore, Illinois

Now Invited Out Lots

"It's been fun. Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances. Auditioned for 'Barn Dance Jamboree.'"

—Howard Hopkins, E. Syracuse, N.Y. (Picture on other side of page)

No Teacher or Special "Talent" Needed—We Show You How to Sit Right Down and START PLAYING REAL MUSIC at Once

It's not what *we* say about our wonderful easy way to learn music that really counts. It's what our 900,000 STUDENTS say. And THEY send us thousands of enthusiastic comments like those reprinted here—saying it's what they've always dreamed of! A quick, easy way of learning to play any musical instrument. WITHOUT suffering through dull "theories" first. WITHOUT practicing boring scales and exercises. WITHOUT spending time and money on a private teacher.

You just sit right down with the piano, guitar, accordion—or any instrument you're interested in—and actually begin to play. Simple little songs and hymns at first. Then, as days go by, more advanced compositions. Soon you'll amaze your friends by playing almost anything they request!

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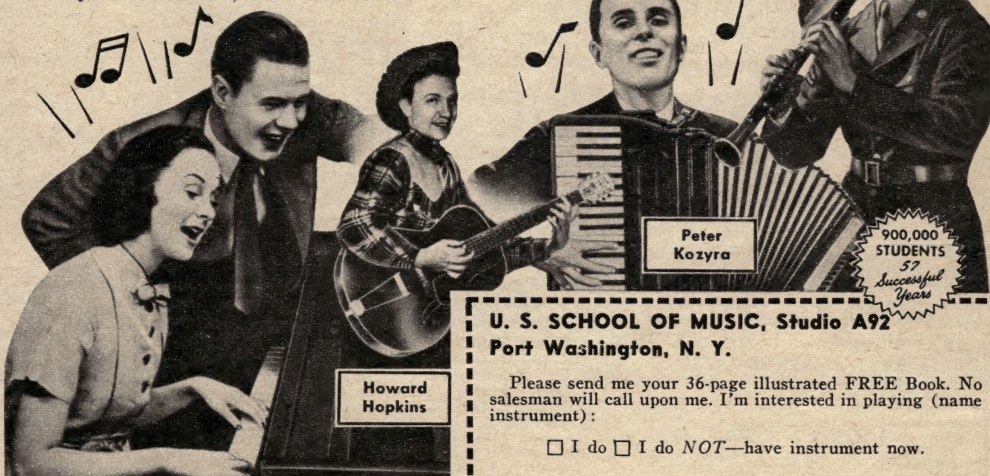
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"catch on" right away. Whole family can learn for price of one. Costs only a few cents a lesson, including valuable sheet music.

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Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY

YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

Hi
Pal!

Win
\$100

as I just
did!



BEFORE



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



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Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1

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By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles," says John Sill.

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK

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By GEORGE F. JOWETT

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says,

I gained 70 lbs.

of

mighty

muscle



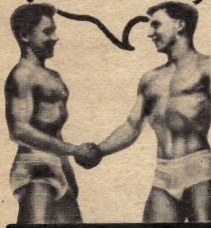
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NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

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YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.



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Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN R. F. Kelley Physical Director

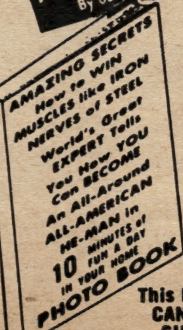
JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 226 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y. Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

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Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!



CALL GIRLS of PARIS

STORY STARTS ON
NEXT PAGE →



Professionals who formerly worked in brothels, or from their own apartments or hotel rooms, were driven to the sidewalks.

CALL GIRLS of PARIS

by RICHARD CARTER and GLENN D. KITTLER



Nowadays, prostitution is illegal in Paris. To a Parisian, this is like trying to outlaw fresh air. Commercial sex has been so much a part of the French capital for the past 600 years that, when the recent anti-prostitution law was passed, a veteran Parisian said: "The only way to enforce this law is to castrate all the men."

The Paris police are beginning to agree. Since the post-war sex ban went into effect, the city's chippie population has practically doubled. At one time, comparatively few fulltime harlots worked the boulevards. Today, because all the brothels are closed, sex is a curb-service business, with the number of merchants increasing steadily. Competition is fierce.

Parisian males can now buy sex at any hour of the day for as little as 500 francs—about \$1.40. Such women—formerly the *poules* who resided in the cheapest bordellos—eagerly make themselves available to American tourists, but at the higher price of \$2. You can find them cruising the backstreets of Montmartre, and most of them look as if they had spent the night in a coal bin. Coarse and gaudy women, they try to hide their filth under layers of cosmetics. They are easily spotted by the police, and to avoid be-

ing evicted from their dank furnished rooms they refuse to take customers home, most often providing their services in hallways and dark alleys.

Before the Paris council shut down the houses in 1947, former *poules*, who had outgrown their brothel attractiveness and taken to the streets, made up the bulk of the city's streetwalkers. At the time, Paris had 45,000 working registered prostitutes. The shutdown suddenly dumped them all on the curbs.

Besides the organized houses, there were then 600 hotels authorized to supply call girls, plus 6,000 prostitutes with permission to operate in their apartments. The city had 1,000 registered pimps. These figures are taken from official Paris police files—files which the police now regard with a certain nostalgia.

Despite the violent sex competition which burst on the Paris sidewalks overnight, the police now estimate that less than 3,000 of the girls were discouraged enough to mend their ways. On the contrary, having women even more easily accessible than they were in brothels inspired the male population. The girls were busier than ever before.

As soon as news circulated that fortunes were waiting at every corner, thousands of volunteers rushed into Paris

When they put the legal "nix" on prostitution in Paris, they set up the wildest sex-for-sale commotion ever to hit the Continent





"Tapins"—top class of French call girls—make so much money they refuse modeling and acting jobs, vacation on Riviera.

CALL GIRLS of PARIS continued

from the provinces to take up sex as a career. Many local girls quit their jobs to join the ranks; others turned to prostitution only as night-work to augment their regular salaries.

Price tags on all prostitutes were the clothes they wore. Unkept *poules* didn't look worth more than their cut-rate fee. You had to be broke, drunk or desperate to go with one. However, clean-faced, busty country bumpkins and neat, trim shop girls demanded \$5, and they got it without complaints. Professionals who had been working brothels and hotels or had their own apartments became known as *filles* when the law sent them into the streets. Better built and better looking, they spent a good part of their income on skin-tight satin dresses in which they swaggered along the avenues. Easily recognized, they received \$10 from enthusiastic customers who were anxious to sample their experienced skills.

During that early boom, the city was packed with troops and tourists, all of them eager for fun. A member of the Paris Morals Squad told us:

"In the era of established houses, a girl might have three or four men a night. During the first months after the anti-prostitution law was passed, streetwalkers were having intercourse 50 to 60 times a day. Nobody objected to the prosperity, but the promiscuity was giving the city a bad name."

The bad name, in the French interpretation, was simply that sex had become a hasty, tainted, street-corner transaction. To the average Parisian, this was like a banquet without wine.

Gone were the glorious days when fancy bagnios like the

Sphinx and 122 Rue de Provence were second homes to every adult male, plus quite a few minors. Any self-respecting Parisian had his favorite bordello where he could spend at least one night a week for \$20, but of the 225 approved houses which once flourished in the city none compared with the Sphinx. It was the only building in the world designed and constructed expressly for sex. Located on the Left Bank, directly and conveniently behind the Montparnasse railroad station, it was a five-story structure honeycombed with luxurious reception parlors and opulently furnished love rooms.

The private rooms were decorated with sexy paintings, some of them serving as blueprints for men who desired instruction in French bedroom technique. Each room was equipped with a terrace, for hot summer nights, and a pastel-tiled bathroom with a sunken tub. Most of the suites had a cozy dining room: some of the best French chefs worked at the Sphinx. Customers usually came for dinner and stayed for breakfast.

But the anti-prostitution law put an end to such pastimes. Women became an on-the-fly pleasure. The idea of quick sex, even on occasions of dire necessity, repulsed the French.

"Frenchmen love frills," any Parisian will tell you, "and there is no time for frills in a darkened hallway, and no desire for them in a shabby garret bedroom."

The passing weeks solved that problem, for there appeared in Paris a type of prostitute who could provide the old frills—and some new thrills.

She is called a *tapin*, a word taken from the tapping sound of her high heels as she (Continued on page 51)

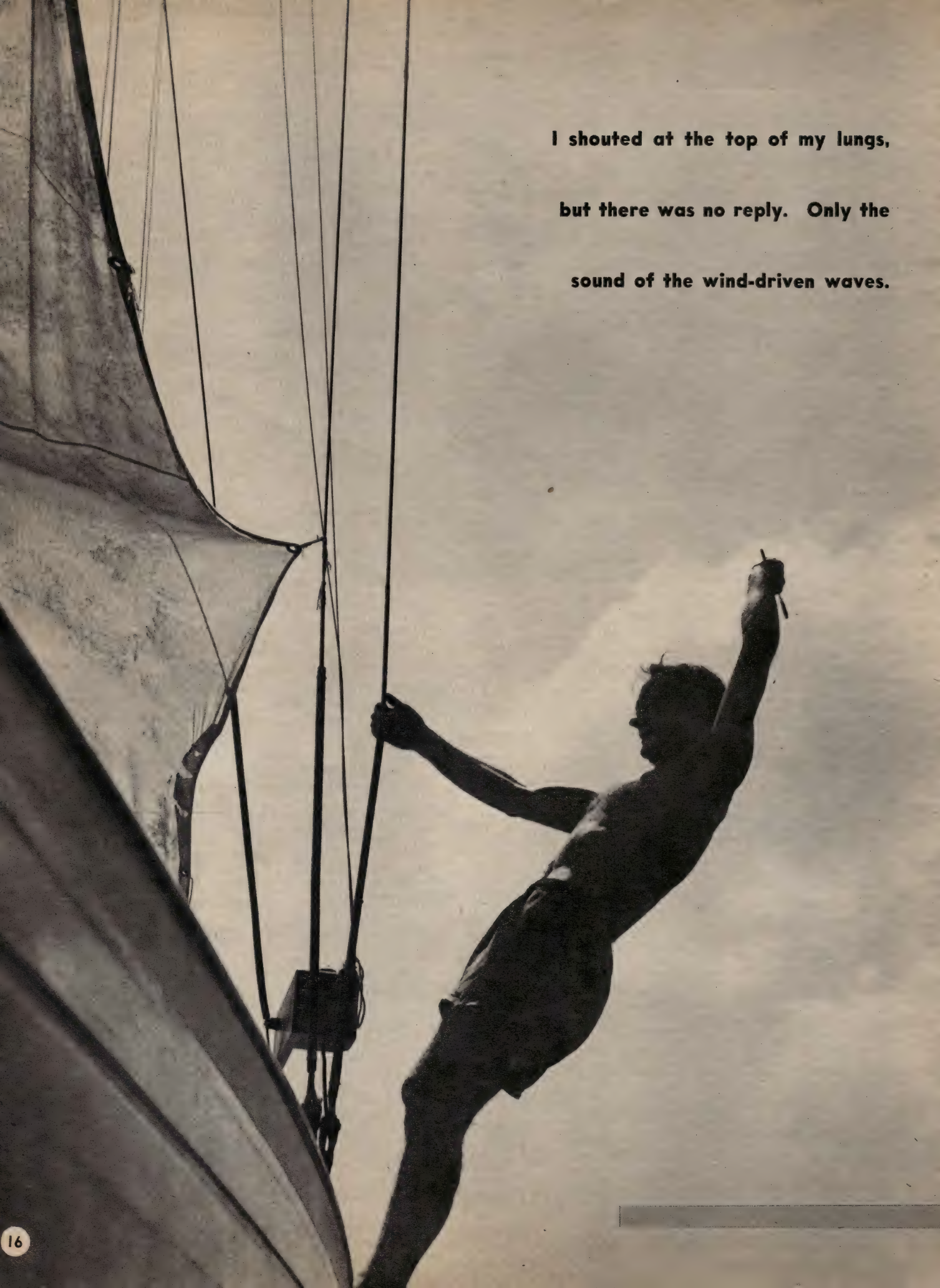


"Maqs" hang out in pool halls and all-night bars, live high on their girls' take, buy American cigarettes and English clothes.

Late at night, when the day's business hasn't been good, the desperate chippies fight bitterly for "choice" street corners.



**I shouted at the top of my lungs,
but there was no reply. Only the
sound of the wind-driven waves.**



my strangest

700

DAYS

by JACK CAMPBELL
as told to George X. Sand



The Mexicans had warned us to beware the "Tehautepeckers," the great Atlantic-to-Pacific gales that roar through the jagged mountain passes behind Salina Cruz and across the Gulf of Tehautepec at velocities upward of 70 knots.

Now, as tons of tepid, suffocating green water closed over my oilskin-clad body I wished fervently we'd paid more attention to that warning.

I'd been on deck, trying to tighten a turnbuckle one one of the *Chiquita's* storm-loosened shrouds, when a monster comber caught the 35-foot sloop square abeam. I'd hung on, waiting for the three tons of lead keel to fetch the sturdy craft erect again. Such had always proven the case in the dozens of other storms encountered during the 12,000 miles I'd sailed her from our home in New Zealand.

This time, however, she wasn't coming back up. I could hardly believe it as the list continued past the 45-degree angle and I felt myself being torn loose. Now, as I kicked my way back to the storm-tossed surface, I was sure my ship was gone. Even were she still afloat, I'd never see her again. It would require a miracle for the two passengers aboard, a man and wife who'd booked passage with me from California to Florida, to ever bring the little sloop around and find me.

It seemed a bloody shame to part this way, after having almost reached our goal. But permit me to take you back to the beginning of this trip . . .

Before this voyage I had never been on the sea. In my homeland "down under" I am a textile manufacturers' representative. Three years ago, when I first got the idea of coming to America to learn some of the business methods that had placed this country at the top of the ladder, I appealed to my own government for a conversion of funds to United States dollars to finance such a trip.

The New Zealand officials refused my request. They considered my proposed journey "unnecessary."

"That leaves you no alternative but to build or buy a boat and sail it across," chuckled a friend of mine, a 27-year-old mechanical engineer by the name of Don McLean.

"Would you have the nerve to come with me?" I asked bluntly.

He looked at me like I was daft. He'd never been on the sea, either. "You mean you would buy a boat?"

"I'd have one built."

"Who would navigate it?"

"We'll find somebody to go along."

"With the government not letting us take any money out, we'd be broke before we started."

"Men have traveled without money before this. Besides, they couldn't very well stop us from stocking up with a couple years' supply of provisions."

He grinned. "Well, let's give it a whirl, then, Jack!"

(Continued on page 46)



They Beat My Brains Out in
PHENIX CITY



He stood over me, working my face into a bloody lather. Then my neck got real loose and I could hear it snap inside.

by PHIL KRIEGLER

as told to BRUCE J. FRIEDMAN



They didn't kill me in Phenix City. They gave me a twitch. They smashed my equipment. They worked my face over until my tongue got real big inside my head and filled up my mouth. They clubbed at the back of my neck and, when it got soft and loose, they went to work with fat knees on my stomach.

But they didn't kill me.

I'm no crusader. The only thing I crusade for is the dollar. Altogether I weigh a fast 118, a few pounds more than the Minitape recorder I had strapped to my back when I first drove down south. I went to work as news director of Station WGBA, AM and FM, in Columbus, Georgia. My job: to scrape together, write and edit news.

I got the job real easy, no references, nothing. When they showed me my news beat, I knew why. It was across the Chattahoochee River, two stone's throws from Columbus. When I came up on it over the bridge, a thick, dirty haze from the quiet, mud-brown Chattahoochee got in my nose and made me sneeze, and then there was this city. I have to admit, it only got lousy in stages. On the outskirts were some nice spots, and the first one I came to, Chad's Rose Room, wasn't a bad club. A little way on, the loan companies came up like weeds—Phenix City Loan Company, E.Z. Credit. You're not even in the city, and they're giving you credit. The sidewalks got higher until each one stood four feet over the gutters. Then I was in a thick, dirty puzzle of strip joints and beer halls, and I started to smell stale ham hocks and pig's knuckles. The whole place swayed with sour perfume, and the streets were thick with girls—professional types printed against the doorways of gambling joints, and amateurs wandering in and out of watermelon stands wearing feed bags and potato sacks.

That was the first real look I got at my beat—Phenix City. The *nice* part. The real ugliness didn't show. My first day out the radio station sent me to cover the Russell County jail. I met Sheriff Ralph Mathews, who always seemed nice to me, and his deputies some of whom were a different story. A few of them were big guys, who liked girls. The jail was flooded with cute ones, and workers from the "tick" factories. Guys who make mattresses and pillows all day go off their rockers real easy. But mostly there were girls. The deputies kept six of them jammed in each prison pen. The pens were always full from regular "prostitute pick-ups." The deputies would flip to see which officer got to use the solitary confinement

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Bentley, his son Hughbo, 16, and Britton put up good fight when attacked by opponents' gang as they approached polls.

PHENIX CITY continued

cell. The winner would choose his girl, and then the solitary cell would clang shut. He'd come out a little later, giggling.

Every half hour I saw them drag GIs from Fort Benning into the jail, half-crooked, then turn them over to MPs. I'm not saying it was the Army's fault, but they'd fill these paratrooper kids up with talk that they could beat up any 10 guys once they finished "jump" training. Then the kids would come in, take one sniff of cork, and start to brawl with city guys who worked the "tick" mills. If they were lucky, they'd wind up in jail. If not, they'd end up in the river. A big bridge with a steel railing and a 45-foot drop to the water ran from Phenix City over to Fort Benning. Drunk GIs like to walk railings in the dark. Plenty of them were fished out of the water.

If the river didn't get the GIs, I found out the girls who hung around did. The "no-liquor-across-the-bar" ordinance was a farce, just like the city ban on blackjack, horseracing, numbers, cock-fighting, dice, stripping and slot machines. A tanked-up Fort Benning GI on payday could get a cheap prostitute in town almost without leaving the base. All he had to do was call a "mattress truck." Gamblers ran them. They hired call girls to sit in the back of trucks on beds. The trucks had a phone service and would come within five miles of Fort Benning. If a GI wanted to hop in,

they would drive him around while he had his fun with the girls in the back.

GIs could do a little better at the more respectable clubs. Or if a trooper felt like some fresh air, there were girls up in the Phenix City hills. The houses didn't have names. They were just called "the houses." I always wondered why no congressional committee ever fingered them, not for the vice, but for Commie influence. Phenix City houses didn't have madams. The girls ran them on a co-operative basis, from each girl according to her ability, to each girl according to her needs.

If Phenix City stank with prostitution and gambling, I'm sure the police knew about it. They had prostitutes on their payrolls. They were tied in with gambling. Once I went along on a token raid. I knew the gamblers had been tipped, and it was interesting to see how they operated. When the cops arrived, the gamblers had, all laid out on a lawn for them, dozens of slot machines, one-armed bandits, and crates of dice. But it was all old, craggy stuff, rusting away. The cops put a \$750,000 valuation on it, and then ran a pile driver over the pile. They sold it for \$34 as junk. That's all it was worth to begin with. The county deputies were crooks, but they were choir boys compared to the city crowd.

You read about some of them today—Hoyt Shepherd—a gambling tycoon who never smiles, talks low, drives a car tattooed with bullet holes. He'd always spot me with my tape recorder, come over and say, "Is that damned thing turned off?" . . . Jimmy Matthews, a crapshooter with hands like a concert cellist, wearing a gray fedora, was another gambling menace, born in England . . . Arch Ferrell, a raw-boned, jaw-clenching lawyer who loved to scream, "Go back to Brooklyn," at anyone from outside Phenix City. He was town prosecuting attorney. I had them all on my beat . . . and a few others . . . The Mayor was on my beat, too, J. D. Harris. He's dead now—of natural causes. A lovable little red-faced cigar-smoker who carried a pistol, headed the city commission and tried to look important.

They were a queer group of blood-suckers with a few things in common: one, they had Phenix City scared and in their pockets; two, they wanted to keep it there; and three, they hated outsiders. That's where my trouble came in. My job was in Columbus, and Columbus is a dirty word in Phenix City. The two cities grew up together, and yet the cleaner Columbus got, the filthier Phenix City became. Columbus built industry. Phenix City threw out industry. Factories can take over a town, and that's what Phenix City feared.

I started to cover my beat in the tail end of 1951, which was a great time to be *leaving* Phenix City. The city was split up into two bitter chunks—the city administration, and the people who were sick to their stomachs at vice. They got together and formed RBA—Russell (County) Betterment Association. Albert L. Patterson became their lawyer, free. At that time, he didn't have any idea about being attorney general. I used to talk to him every day, and he knew he was going to be shot down. He was a gentle guy, in his late fifties, who had a twisted leg. He hopped around with a cane, and when they told him he should wear a gun, he said to me, "If it's coming, it's going to come when I'm not looking." He lived with his wife and two sons in a modest two-story house on Pine Circle Drive outside town. I ate at his house, and the guys who said he was a conniver don't know anything.

I was with him when they broke into his office and tried to burn it. My best friend rented his basement apartment, and Patterson brought him lemonade downstairs all the time. My friend, Dick Weiss, a vocalist at the station, said he heard prowlers all night. A long time before he was shot down, Pat Patterson said to me, (*Continued on page 70*)

SMOKE?

He heard the tortured, animal-like wail.

Then he dropped his pump handle and tore
straight through the blazing door frame.

by A. K. ANDERSON

as told to BOB DUNCAN



It started as a vacation; it ended with seven dead in one of the worst holocausts southeastern Oklahoma has ever seen. There were no warnings, no indications of impending tragedy. There were times when the three of us might have prevented it and changed the outcome, but on the afternoon of July 25th, none of us could see it. The day was perfect, with a high thin screen of clouds over the sharp blue ridges of the Kiamichi Mountains and the river glassy clear in the valley. We had come down to the river north of Antlers, Oklahoma, early on a Friday morning, the three of us, Charlie Matthews, Abe Shubin and myself, to put the last touches on our cabin before we started fishing.

Abe wasn't much of a fisherman. He preferred to relax in a place like Tulsa with a can of beer in his hand and car horns bleating in his ear, but (*Continued on page 44*)



I HAD

All we needed was one more savagely mutilated body and the jungle highway would be crossed off the board.



After the eighth death, we began to lose our natives. Those who remained refused to work, except in gangs.



to HUNT their HEADS

by **MURRAY ROCHECK**

as told to Emile C. Schurmacher



It was a weird cablegram from the home office of our insurance company that caught up with me in Singapore. It read:

"Canceling Klamono Sorong New Guinea highway project risk coverage pending your report current headhunting outbreak. Macleod, Chief Safety Engineer."

Some day I'm going to slip cyanide in that Scots slave driver's haggis, I

swore to myself as I saw plans for a Stateside vacation again go up in my pipe smoke. For almost two years I had been shuttled around from Manila to Sydney, Australia, by Alan Macleod. And now, with his own fat bottom comfortably swivel-chaired in Hartford, he was ordering me to high-tail it to New Guinea.

I had to go to Sorong by small coaster and plane via Darwin, Australia,

which sounds like a hell of a detour and is. It was also the fastest available transportation.

Sorong, the government station, isn't anything to get excited about. It is on a mile-long coral island called "Doom." The road that our client, Netherlands East Indies Highways, Ltd., was working on began on the mainland facing the southern side of the island. The right-of-way down to Klamono was an engineering headache of thick jungle, sago swamp and mountain.

We had known this, of course, when we accepted the project insurance. Our company underwrites a lot of unusual risks from typhoons to tsetse fly. Headhunters, however, isn't one of 'em.

I parked my duffel in the cement-floored pasangrahan which is the Dutch idea of a rest house. I lost no time in getting to the neat white stucco residence of Mynheer Voltz, the magistrate in charge.

"I'm Rocheck, the insurance company's field safety engineer," I told him, laying it right on the line. "According to the home office our client has encountered an unexpected and serious hazard in Madik headhunters. You're supposed to have that sort of thing under control."

Voltz was a big, ruddy-faced man. His face turned redder still. He looked like he was going to have apoplexy then and there. But I was in no mood to be diplomatic. Not after that haul from Singapore.

"The situation is most embarrassing to my Government," he admitted stiffly as he shuffled through several papers on his desk. "In the past three weeks Mynheer Spencer Johns, field superintendent of Netherlands East Indies Highways, Ltd., has reported that seven native workmen have been decapitated. But the Bestuer Assistant I ordered to investigate is convinced that no Madiks were involved. Here is his report."

It was written with Dutch thoroughness. Bestuer Assistant Stegmaier had examined the headless bodies of all seven victims. Their missing heads appeared to have been crudely removed, not deftly cut off with razor-edged parangs as was the Madik custom in the old days (*Continued on page 66*)



There was no law in that courtyard. And the easiest way out was to forget he was a cop.

Lynch

by RICHARD F. GALLAGHER



I gave the guy every break in the world, but he wouldn't stop running when I yelled, so I shot him twice in the legs. You could have heard his face crack the sidewalk a block away and he was screaming even

before his stolen bread and soup bounced in the gutter. He'd dropped his switchblade knife and was trying to plug the holes in his legs with his fingers.

Soon there was a crowd and then the grocer trotted out, holding his white apron high like a woman's skirt so he wouldn't trip. He kneeled and put his arm around the guy's shoulder, shifting his eyes from one face to another. "He didn't have to pull that knife," he said. "Anybody can get credit from me until the canneries open again. But I got scared and yelled cop. You all see that, don't you?" Then he turned to me.

"You're a trigger-happy menace."

"And you're a guy who's (Continued on page 56)





Leone



The Girl I Love to Shoot

"Betty Page's body is good, but it's her mouth that gets 'em," says photographer Bunny Yeager. "Men think she's beautiful even when she screams with it wide open, and, as a woman, that impresses me. When I open mine, they just tell me to shut up."





Water and a smile like hers are a natural. All I do is focus on her teeth and her body just seems to take care of itself.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 27



The Girl I Love to Shoot continued

Even soaking wet with her hair looking like a mop, she's still a panchromatic cream-puff who makes the most hardened beach wolves gape when she goes for a swim.





A model who minds her business, Betty's always experimenting with new camera angles, whether in water, or resting on shore.



they TAILED ME from OUTER SPACE

by CAPTAIN JAMES HOWARD
OF BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORP.
as told to Graham Fisher



I used to be pretty skeptical about these reports of flying saucers. But not any more. Not since I saw one for myself.

Maybe it wasn't exactly a flying saucer. What I saw was more of a flying . . . arrow, I guess you'd have called it at one stage. It seemed to keep changing its shape as it flew beside me, very much as a jellyfish changes shape as it swims through the water. Or maybe the apparent changes in shape were due to the different angles we viewed it from as it banked and turned about five miles off.

But whatever it was—a giant flying wing, jellyfish or saucer—of one thing I'm quite certain: It wasn't a trick of the light or a figment of the imagination. It wasn't any sort of electrical, magnetic or natural phenomenon. And it certainly wasn't a mirage.

It was something real and substantial; something that kept station with me for 80 miles and only sheered off when I got a radio call from the Sabrejet fighter which had been sent up from Goose Bay to intercept the thing. It was something—and the idea gives me slight goose pimples when I think of it— (*Continued on page 78*)

I counted, re-counted, counted again. Six.

Always six—always maneuvering around the “big thing.”

I had twelve of them in my box, but I had the crazy notion that I had to catch the thirteenth.



I was pressing my luck and I knew it. I couldn't have told you why I was standing at the mouth of that stinking cave with a crate of screaming vampire bats and trying to get one more. Twelve should have been enough. But I wanted one more, and my buddy was thrashing around inside, trying to flush out Number 13 in a series of deadly rodents that hankered after my blood.

There was a muffled shout: "Get ready, John—they're coming!" Then the flutter of wings as the devil bat swept into the nylon net in my hands. I choked the net shut and relaxed. Thirteen was my lucky number!

Waiting for my buddy, Jack Reid, to come out of the hole, I gloated a little bit over our capture. When I got them back to the States, my zoo would have the only collection of vampire bats in the world. And that "13" would just appeal to the natural superstition folk have about vampires. Man, what a display they were going to make!

Vampire bats are a sneaky species. They do their hunting, their bloodletting, their killing in darkness and silence, with stealth and diabolical cunning. They're smarter than ordinary bats. You can see it in their tiny monkey faces, their well-developed wing stalk which, past the elbow, becomes a kind of prehensile thumb. If you know your evolution, you can tell a vampire has outdistanced his fellow bats.

His intelligence is deadly. The Mexican Indians know it. They have seen their children, their cattle fall after a vampire's attack and die horribly a few days later, because the vampire's calling card is paralysis and death.

And I knew all this because I'm a naturalist, a herpetologist—the fellow who manages the snake house at the San Antonio, Texas, zoo. I knew it, but I forgot it for maybe 30 seconds. Just long enough, as I stood at the Cave of the Vampires in the wilds of Mexico, to give the devil *(Continued on page 49)*



Leave Me My



BLOOD

by JOHN WERLER
as told to KEITH ELLIOTT

STAG

MEN AT HOME

You're drunk if you expect a \$500 color TV set in your home BEFORE TWO YEARS. First sets will run \$800-900, wind up in dealer's hands. Cheap sets will turn up in 1956 . . . Fire insurance rates for your home are TUMBLING. If you hold out for All-State Insurance (it's in 22 states already) you'll save 20% OF THE TAB. . . .

If you live in Chicago, INVESTIGATE any bank or loan company offering you a home loan. Sen. Homer Capehart, Ind., said the setup there "stinks." . . .

MEN OUTDOORS

More states are knuckling under to pressure from BOW AND ARROW fishermen. If you live in Arizona, you can now take rough fish (buffalo fish, suckers, carp) with arrows . . .

You're way out of it if you mothball your fishing rod in winter, miss out on ice fishing. SOME ICE-FISHING TIPS: 1. Crack ice with a chisel, and FISH AT NIGHT. 2. To attract fish, lower a fruit jar WITH A FLASHLIGHT INSIDE into the water. 3. BEST BAITS are winter-killed honeybees, cold wasps, leeches, small bullheads. 4. Wear THREE PAIRS of light woolen socks; carry three pairs of gloves (so you can always have A DRY PAIR). 5. CARRY BAIT in a sock filled half-way with sawdust. 6. RUB FISHLINES with linseed oil to keep off ice coat. . . .

A FIGHT BETWEEN A TIGER AND A LION would look like Charles (tiger)-Marciano (lion) bout. If fight went less than two minutes, tiger, which goes all out at first, WOULD WIN. More than two minutes, lion, which keeps STRENGTH IN RESERVE, would take it. . . . Dangerous GRIZZLY BEARS are disappearing. Only 20 left in Colorado. . . .

If you're hunting for game in the East, don't foul up and buy a heavy rifle. STICK WITH A LIGHTWEIGHT CARBINE (.30 to .35 caliber.) The SLOW, HEAVY BULLET is what you need to shoot through heavy brush cover where range, movement are limited. . . . Always keep your hunting jacket SHORT, two or three inches below the hips. And NEVER PUT DOWN MONEY on a garment that doesn't have shell pockets. . . .

INSIDE FOR MEN

Famous nude calendar of Marilyn Monroe is now banned from the mails. Post office didn't buy argument it was "TRADITIONAL AMERICAN CALENDAR ART." . . . Richest man in the world now is "jillionaire" oil man Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, Texas. He made his first strike on a BORROWED 50 BUCKS. . . .

Married men live longer than bachelors. Women outlive men. So do cockatoos, salmon and tortoises. . . If you're allergic to quinine, "gin-and-tonic" will hurt your ears. . . . RAP LIBERACE all you want, but he sells a lot of pianos. Piano-makers will sell 165,000 this year, say it's because of the candelabra man. . . .

A DULL FIGHT between two heavyweights produces average of 750 punches in 10 rounds, good flyweight match maybe 1,700. . . . Russia has 100,000 TV sets COMPARED TO 25 MILLION in America. TOBACCO, wanted on a lung cancer rap, may also be booked for BRINGING ON HEART DISEASE.

MEN IN UNIFORM

GIs now will get their shots PAINLESSLY via a PRESS-O-JET INJECTION SYSTEM which operates like a Luger and uses air pressure to



LEW.

CONFIDENTIAL

deal out shots with no puncture. . . . EX-LUFTWAFFE pilots may soon turn up flying RAF and RCAF SABREJETS. British are ready to ship Sabres to Germans if we decide to arm them under NATO. They'll be replaced in Britain by more powerful Hawker Hunters. . . .

90,000 is a good guess on the new undisclosed Air Force altitude record (that's 17 miles). . . . If war broke out tomorrow, we'd FIGHT MIGS IN F-100 SUPER-SABRES. They cost a million bucks apiece, have a service ceiling above 50,000 feet and MAKE F-86s OBSOLETE. Ever since the Russians announced faster-than-sound bombers, we've upped our F-100 production. . . .

We're now testing cigar-shaped guided missiles built by the Swiss. They fly 852 mph, are launched electronically from the ground, and IF RUSSIANS WANT THEM, THEY TOO CAN GET THEM from the Swiss. . . . Ford has cranked out a NEW "JEEP," calls it tentatively, the "ranger." They say it's SMALLER, FASTER, offers softer riding, can go 30% farther than jeep with 800-pound load at 30 mph. . . .

To clear up the difference between an Open Mess and a Closed Mess, the Navy published this snafu, "There are times when the Open Mess is closed. This is especially noticeable when the Closed Mess is open. Again, there are times when the Open Mess is open and the Closed Mess is open, too. Seldom, if ever, is the Closed Mess closed. The Closed Mess is open to some people and closed to others while the Open Mess is open to the Closed Mess residents and others, too." . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

Plunk down \$1.10 for a couple of silicon carbide flat stones, and you can SAVE YOURSELF A \$15 TOOL-SHARPENING BILL. Don't monkey with saws, though. Let a professional do them. . . . If you're a veteran, you can buy plenty of \$12,500 New Jersey homes for a ONE PENNY DOWN PAYMENT. . . . Go for the electric shaver that gives you CHEAP REPLACEMENT BLADES, SHARPENING COMPOUND. You can pocket the \$13.50 it'll cost for a new replacement head. . . .

The '55 Studebakers will take a BIG PRICE PLUNGE (from \$37 for the Champion Deluxe station wagon to \$287 for Commander Regal Hard Top Convertible). . . . If you're a stock market commando, these five firms have paid CASH DIVIDENDS EVERY YEAR FOR THE PAST 100: Cincinnati Gas and Electric; Pennsylvania Railroad; Washington Gas and Light Company; Continental Insurance; Corn Exchange Bank and Trust Co. . . .

MEN IN CRIME

With all this pussyfooting talk, Chicago and St. Louis GANG LEADERS RELAXED when Roger Touhy went back to jail. They figured him to head an opposition group against Tony Accardo who took over for Capone. Touhy was always MURDER TO CAPONE MEN; because of his spot in prison (20 years' worth) he kept his finger on every arrested hood in U.S. . . .

Reason British crime is way under U.S. is that Englishmen don't think anything of "SQUEALING," sent in 100,000 telephone calls to police last year which led to 9,000 arrests. . . . Smart policemen advise ordinary citizens not to carry guns for law enforcement. MOST CROOKS DON'T CARRY GUNS, know they'll get a stiffer sentence if caught with one. . . .

If crime is on the upgrade in your town, NEEDLE YOUR POLICE CHIEF into sending his men to the FBI's National (Continued on page 54)



NOTHING

MURDER IN MY TOWN—NO. 23



LEFT TO BURY

This was no ordinary fire. It began with an explosion that rocked every house in the neighborhood, and ended with two completely charred corpses.

by **PHILIP L. SORRELL**

as told to **R. J. LEVIN**



It wasn't much of a fire, that first one. A next-door neighbor spotted smoke coming out of an upstairs window and called in the alarm. At City Hall they sounded the siren—which is how we volunteers are summoned—and within 20 minutes we had the fire doused. A bed was pretty well burned, the bedroom walls were blackened by smoke and the water we had to pour in didn't do the place any good. But no one had been home, so that no serious harm was done. Not that time.

The Hustons lived there, John Huston, his wife and two children. John worked at the ACC plant in town—that's the American Celanese Corporation—and he was on the night shift. His missus and the kids were at a movie. That's how come the place was empty.

Once we had the fire out, we tried to find out how it had started. Right off the bat, we wondered about the back door. It looked as though it had been forced open. And then when we could study the burned-out bedroom more carefully, we found a suspicious hole, maybe four inches across, where the fire had eaten almost clear through the floor. On the face of it, it seemed to be arson.

The only trouble was that when we checked with John, arson didn't make much sense. The house itself was insured for only half of its actual value, so a fire would mean a serious loss for the Hustons; and since John and his family were as well liked as anybody you could find in town, the blaze could hardly have been set for spite or revenge. A pyromaniac? Perhaps—and since we had nothing else to go on, we had to let it ride that way and sit back and wait for another fire.

That was October. The month went by without another fire, and though we had two small ones in November, one was a short circuit and the other a kitchen curtain going up in smoke after some fat caught fire. Nothing much happened in December, except for a bonfire of discarded Christmas trees that almost jumped to the Calhoun's barn.

By then, of course, the Huston fire was pretty much forgotten; and I'll bet there wasn't a man among us who had it in mind that January night when the siren's wail started us running again. It was a 1-2-1 signal, (*Continued on page 74*)

It's tough sitting south of seventh place. But, if you can live with your ulcer, you're in for a million laughs.



Al Lopez, the manager of a Cleveland team that won more games than any other club in baseball this year, and set a new American League record in doing it, says he doesn't get a helluva lot of fun out of managing. Where does that leave me?

I managed the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1953. I managed them again this past year. We lost 104 games in 1953, and dropped 101 in 1954. That's 205 games down the drain. Branch Rickey, my boss, who is an expert at mathematics, informs me that figures out at an average of $102\frac{1}{2}$ defeats per year. I wonder how Lopez' insomnia or ulcers would react under these conditions?

Well I'm not complaining—don't laugh. I like my job. Don't get me wrong. I don't like to lose. Nobody likes to lose. But I still figure that managing a club like the Pirates is a challenge. Mr. Rickey accepted this challenge when he moved over from Brooklyn. I have confidence in his ability to repeat what he has accomplished in St. Louis and Brooklyn. That's why I am glad to be with him in Pittsburgh. If our nervous system and sense of humor can hold out, the time will come when we can look down at the rest of the league instead of looking up at them.

Managing a team that's always south of seventh place is like anything else—you get out of it what you put into it.



Haney became an experienced hand at losing, bowing to ump's when his 1939 St. Louis Browns dropped 111 games.

Sometimes you may get the feeling you are going to war with a popgun, and other times you get the feeling that the fans would just as soon switch the franchise to Siberia. But there are some big moments. And there is some satisfaction, particularly when you knock off the pennant contending teams, or have some youngster progress to a point that he is a capable major league player.

This past season was peculiar, since we spent the first part of the year beating the Giants consistently and losing to Brooklyn. Then in the latter part of the season this was reversed. The Giants took us, but we became spoilers of the Dodgers' chance to repeat as pennant winners.

There is just no explaining or predicting certain things in baseball. In 1953 the Pirates played "patsies" for the Dodgers. We lost 20 out of 22 games with Brooklyn. This past year, when Brooklyn was counting on us to help them in their stretch drive, we beat them in a double-header on Labor Day at Ebbets Field, then finished the job by taking two more games from them in Pittsburgh. That made it four in a row over Brooklyn and seven games won from them during the season. The four defeats spelled the difference in the National League race.

After Bob Friend shut out the Brooks, 1-0, for us on September 19th, I sent a fellow named Leo Durocher a wire: "Need four World Series tickets. Think I have earned them. What can you do for me?"

I didn't have to wait long for Leo's reply "You've got your four," was the way the Lip's telegram read.

Before we learned the formula for beating the Dodgers late in the season, we blew a couple to them in August. To add insult to injury, the Dodgers were taking off that evening from the same Pittsburgh airport that we were using to keep a playing date in New York.

I noticed that some of the Dodgers' luggage was piled up alongside our plane. The loaders were getting set to throw it on our flight. That was too much for me to stomach. I exploded, in a mild sort of way.

"Maybe we're keeping these guys up in the race," I screeched to anybody who'd listen, "but I'll be darned if we're gonna carry their bags for them, too."

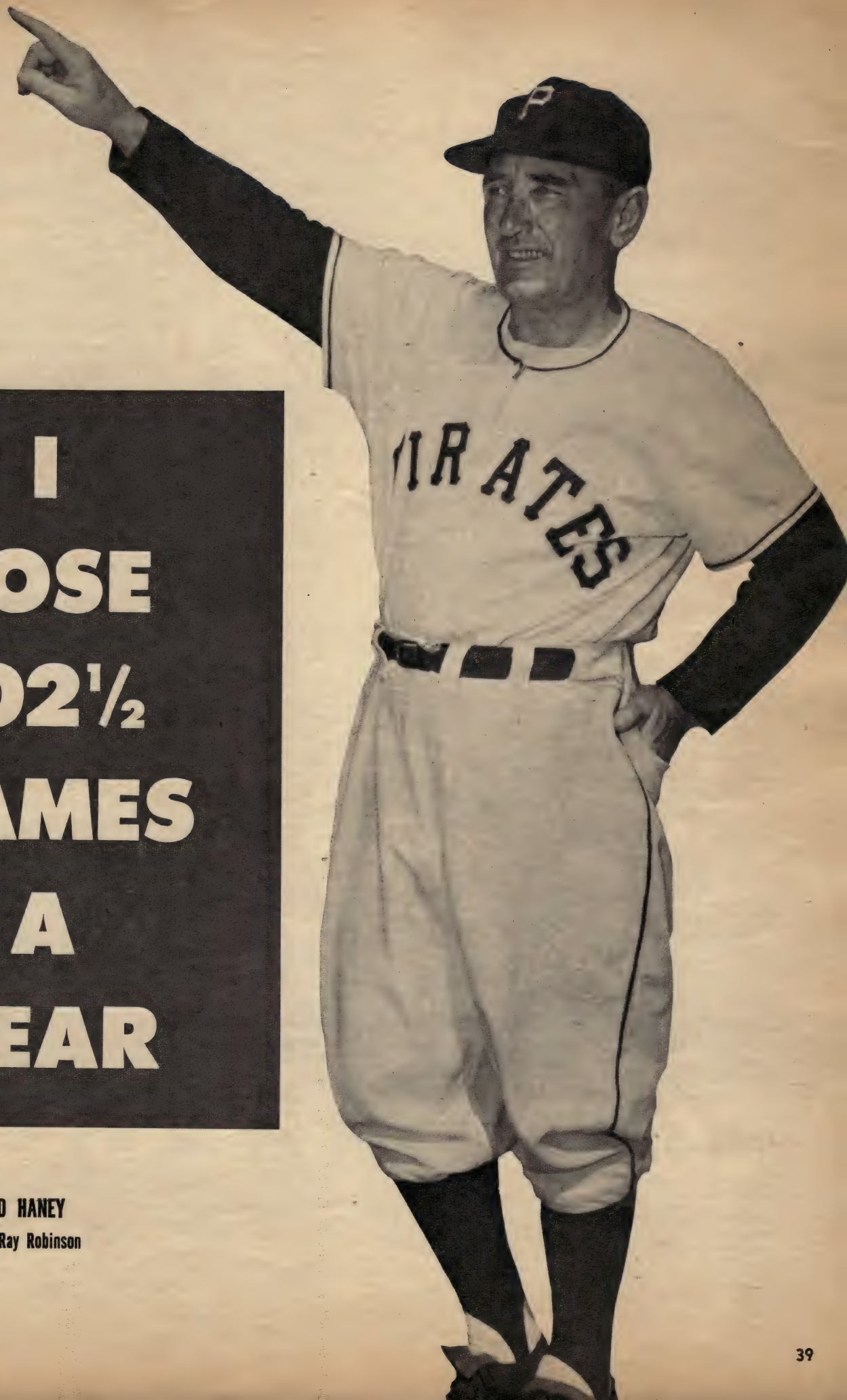
I got my way. The luggage was taken off the plane.

I guess the toughest part of managing a club that loses so many ball games is keeping up the morale. It's funny how your actions and thoughts can be picked up by your players. So your first job is to keep your own morale up and instill that feeling in the club to keep the boys hustling and trying to win. It may sound odd, but I'm just as proud of this team that finished last as I would be if they won the pennant. The boys never let down—they hustled all year. They gave the best they had. Maybe they didn't have the ability or the equipment to be any better, but they had the heart and they kept trying and giving their best up to the final game of the season. That's all you can ask of anyone.

The success that Mr. Rickey has had in baseball in building championship teams in St. Louis and Brooklyn was based on youth and the development of young players. The development of youth is (Continued on page 72)

**I
LOSE
102½
GAMES
A
YEAR**

by **FRED HANEY**
as told to Ray Robinson





**He Was
PASTED
to the FLOOR**

I tugged and yanked at the body until I realized it was useless. Then I understood why, and I vomited.

by JOHN FURODI

as told to B. W. Von Block



Horror? You don't know what it is until the moment you see your best friend's face turn a raw, angry red, then black—shrivel in an instant to a mass of charred flesh.

Fear—terror—you understand these words fully for the first time as you run, screaming, stumbling blindly, to get beyond reach of the rivers of molten metal gushing, pouring, reaching out for you!

Death is always with you when you're working around an open-hearth furnace in a steel foundry. Sometimes it hangs over your head, suspended between the trunions and shackles of the great cranes which shuttle hundreds of tons of molten steel back and forth in giant ladles. At other times, Death hides from you behind the dolomite lining of the open-hearth furnace, slewing, sparking, splattering in the 3,000° heat. . . .

There were three of us balanced on the narrow platform in front of the tap hole of the furnace on that March night in 1952. The Korean War was going full blast and steel production was at a record high. The steel plant was working round-the-clock to keep up with the orders.

All three of us were of Hungarian extraction—the "Hunky Hardheads," the rest of the guys called us. Steve Foldos was the oldest. At 39, he'd already racked up better than 20 years of service as a steel man. Pete Hunyadi was 30—my age—and my best friend. Pete and I had been in the Army together and had managed to stay together after we got out in '46. (Continued on page 52)



I CUT OFF MY ARM!

by **HARRY KRAVITZ**
as told to Michael Duball



I ran the unit drill rig across a dry-caked field 25 miles outside of Bakersfield, California. It was a big baby, built like a portable derrick and carried flat on its back in the cradle of a giant six-wheeler truck. A work crewman waved me in over the oil tap site. The sun was cooking through the truck cab and I was sweating blisters by the time I had the rig centered. Then I kicked off the gasoline-driven hoist motor and tilted the rig back up, 75 feet from base to crown block.

The shaft began boring into the earth—deep down where the dynamite charge was to be set off. The seismograph crew stood by. It was their deal. By measuring the explosive tremors, they would be able to locate underground structures likely to contain oil.

Maybe an hour had gone by when the ground started shaking. The drilling had struck an earth fault and set up shifting pressures. Before we could move, the ground opened like a black, gaping mouth.

I felt myself going over backward. My body struck something solid and I grabbed hold of the drill rig, but the whole damned thing was toppling over! A split second later a jarring smash against my back and neck blacked me out.

The first cut was like a white hot wire
running across me. But I kept hack-
ing away until I went through the
bone to a bloody, pulpy stump.

When I opened my eyes I didn't know where I was. Up above me—maybe 70 feet—there was a big, jagged piece of sky showing through.

I was stretched out flat on my back, squeezed up against the drill rig. The giant black hole had swallowed it up. The back end of the drill rig, bent and twisted like a crazy jigsaw, poked through outside. The stink of the gassy, wet subsoil drifted upward. I drew in a lungful of the acrid fumes and began choking. I tried to sit up but my left arm was pinned under the drill rig frame. I couldn't budge it. I worked my feet against the frame for support and I pulled. A cutting pain shot through my shoulder and it felt like my arm was going to come off.

I heard someone shouting and I saw a man carrying another and trying to scramble up the dirt wall. He'd make it part way and then the dirt would give way and he'd slide down. I cupped my free hand to my mouth and hollered to attract attention. No one answered. The man dropped the other one and he was trying to get clear himself. As he climbed, the dirt started pouring down on the unconscious man. I yelled a warning and he dropped and began digging the man out.

I called over to him to help get me out and he turned and pointed to his face. It was pouring blood. The pain in my arm was a dull aching throb down to the bulge in my wrist and in my fingertips, where the blood supply was being cut off. I tried to twist over on my side and dig into the dirt under my pinned-down arm. I strained, crushed my face against the metal frame, but I couldn't reach across with my free arm. I began forcing my body back, instead of away, trying to depress the subsoil enough to get loose.

A minute later someone called down the hole. "Hold pat, you guys! We'll get you loose." He leaned over the edge but moved back fast when the loose dirt started peeling away.

"Hey—look up," the guy shouted again, and I saw a heavy rope come over the side of the hole near the still struggling climber. He grabbed the rope, wound it around the unconscious man.

"Hoist away," he yelled, and he snatched hold of the rope himself. The pulling began, and the pressure of the rope worked the loose dirt off. Near the top, just above the ascending men, I saw a huge chunk of the dirt rim drop off. I screamed a warning but I saw one man lose hold and drop off and hit bottom. He lay there without moving.

A couple of minutes later, the rope snaked down on my side of the hole. "Grab it!" someone was yelling. It was about 15 yards away.

"I can't. My arm's pinned," I called back.

The rope was retrieved and dropped back in again. After three or four tries it came right down near my head. I grabbed it and tried to snag it around my waist but my left side was pressed down too tight. I tied it around my thick leather belt. I braced myself. "Okay!" I told them. I figured their combined pulling, with my own, might free my arm. But all the pressure was exerted on the pinned upper part of my arm. I screamed for them to hold it. I thought my arm was going to be yanked right out of the socket.

I lay back, gulping the fetid air, the sweat popping out all over me. I couldn't feel the lower part of my arm any more.

They started lowering one of the men with a rope around his waist. But the sides of the hole started coming down and they pulled him back up. Loose dirt was dropping all around the hole now.

"Back my truck over, and toss the cable," I called to them. "I'll tie it around the rig frame."

If they could only pull it up enough to take some of the pressure off my arm. . . .

They went away again. I lay there in that big hole, just listening and waiting. It was as quiet as a tomb. I looked over to the other man. He was still lying there, motionless, part of him dirt-covered. I couldn't tell if it was his head.

The roar of the truck engine sounded far off. It came in closer. Then they were dangling the steel cable down and I was trying to snag it with my free hand. I finally caught it and I had a helluva time working it in and around the frame with one hand.

"Haul away!" I hollered.

The truck engine turned over, the cable snapped tight. And then a whole damned section of ground ripped off under the truck. Dirt and rocks came down all around me and, for a panicky minute, I blacked out. But I flailed out and, scooping handfuls of dirt and rock away with my free hand, I got my head free. The rear wheels of the truck were hanging partway over the hole—just about over my head!

I felt then that I was never going to get out alive. That's when the thought flashed through my head. I had once read about a guy doing it—cutting off his own arm. I started fumbling around in my pockets for my jackknife. It had a four-inch blade. I couldn't get the blade open with my teeth, but it worked open against my belt buckle.

The only pain I felt in my arm now was at the spot above where it was pinned. That was in the middle of my biceps, just about where I had a vaccination mark. I remember that because when I ripped the shirt sleeve away, it was the first thing I noticed. The first slash was like a white hot wire running through me. But I brought the blade in close under the pinned part and it was like dead flesh. I didn't look at it as I cut. I closed my eyes, tensed my body and pressed down—hard!

The sweat was rolling down into my eyes and over my face. I felt cold and shaky all over. The men above were hollering down at me but I couldn't make out what they were saying. I got down as far as the bone. The blade wouldn't go through. I dug it in farther and the blade worked into crushed bone. . . .

I kept cutting a long time after it was off, the blade pushing into the dirt underneath. The arm didn't feel like it was off—but when I tried, I was able to pull away. I didn't look at the wound. I ripped my shirt off and covered it up, tying it tight with the right sleeve. The whole side of my body was clammy wet. I got to my feet and I walked back and forth for a few seconds, not sure of what I was doing.

They began hollering down again. I looked up and they were tossing a rope down. I stumbled across to it and I remembered the other guy. I tried to tell them to toss down another rope but I didn't have enough voice. I staggered over to the other man and I got the rope under his belt. I didn't know whether he was alive or dead—and at that minute I don't know that I cared.

They tossed another rope and I got it around myself. On the way up, I blacked out.

I was given seven pints of whole blood at the hospital the first day. A week later an operation was performed to tie up the stump. I never regretted what I did, because I believe it saved my life. ♦♦♦



SMOKE ?

Continued from page 21

the three of us had been taking our vacations together for years and he was a good sport. Charlie, on the other hand, didn't seem to be much in the mood for anything. While Abe and I put the last coat of shellac on a knotty pine wall, Charlie sat out on the screened-in porch, chain smoking one cigarette after another and worrying about his used car business.

But once we trekked down the slope and climbed into the rowboat, Charlie seemed to unwind a little. He took charge of the oars, pushing us into the deep brush up the west side of the river where the channel backwashed. I opened the bait jar and dipped the sponged hook into the pungent smelling mixture of brains and limburger, then lowered it over the side next to a moss-covered log and hoped that it would land someplace near a hungry channel cat.

Abe was nursing a cold can of beer, lying back with his head propped up on one arm and ignoring his fishing pole. He glanced at Charlie who was concentrating on the point where his black line went into the water.

"Relax," Abe said with a grin. "That fish is going to look up and see your face and get the hell scared out of him."

"You won't catch anything except a snootful," Charlie said, lighting a cigarette and testing his line with one finger to make sure it wasn't snagged in the brush.

"So I don't like the smell of the bait," Abe said. "So I don't have any respect for a fish that would bite that stuff."

And suddenly I wasn't aware of Abe or Charlie or anything except the violent chattering of the reel as something hit the line. I jerked up hard to set the hook and began to maneuver away from the brush with Abe yelling in my ear like a cheering section and Charlie trying to oar the boat back to give me more room. He flipped his cigarette away into the brush on the bank and pulled the boat around to give me clear water, but the channel cat wasn't in any mood to mess around. He tried to get under the boat and the sunlight glistened on his blue-spotted back in the brief moment before he made another dive.

IT took 10 minutes before he began to play out, wagging lazily in the water a couple of feet away from the boat. I made a grab for him, trying to catch him over the head with my fingers on either side of the spike fins. But I missed.

My hand closed on the slimy skin, the channel cat jumped and one spike tore into the heel of my hand like a hot needle. I let go and the fish lunged and snapped the line and headed back into the safety of the deep brush, I sat there feeling a little sick, partly from the spiked hand but

more from losing the first strike of the year.

It was then I heard the kid on the bank, a 10-year-old standing there in a pair of baggy overalls, clutching a cane pole in his hand and laughing his head off. I guess I lost my temper. I yelled at him to get the hell out of there and he scampered away in the dry brush while the flat, metallic echo of my voice lost itself down the river someplace.

"SO one fish gets you all worked up," Abe said with a grin. "Have a beer and relax." And my temper began to evaporate.

"I shouldn't have yelled at him," I said. "Hell, it probably looked pretty funny."

"He lives in that shack down the road," Charlie said in a matter of fact voice. "That one with all the kids and no screens on the windows. Anybody who lives like that is probably used to being yelled at."

That afternoon, we put our bunks out in the screened-in porch and sacked in with a stack of magazines. Charlie was chain smoking while he absorbed a murder mystery and I was reading up on new fishing gadgets but Abe was fretting about the lack of a radio. He was a news fiend and if he didn't get the latest the minute it happened, he ended up frustrated.

But that was the idea of the cabin. It sat 20-some miles up the godawful mule trail that Oklahoma calls a state road between Antlers and Clayton, as remote as a mountain camp on the moon. There wasn't a telephone or radio or newspapers, anything that could possibly jar the relaxed atmosphere of the mountains.

"Maybe they have a radio in that shack up the road," Charlie said. Abe shook his head.

"That's three miles," he said.

I tried to remember the shack up the road, but it didn't stick out in my memory from the dozens of shacks I had seen. The Kiamichi shack isn't like any other in the world. It looks like a house that once was nice and comfortable, a house that gradually weathers and falls apart until it sags and the windows fall out and the doors drop off. But the people hang on and try to make a living grazing stock on the rocky land and wait for things to get better.

Abe kept fretting about the radio. Finally he remembered the radio in the station wagon. Charlie winked at me and began to pour it on.

"Remember, boy," he yelled at Abe. "You break the ground rules and you have to cook supper."

Abe grumbled something and went out the door toward the station wagon. He

was back in a couple of minutes, puffing from the exertion. "I think I spotted a brush fire," he said.

That was all we needed. The thin line of blue smoke coming up from the edge of the river a mile or so north hit me in the pit of my stomach. It was the beginning of a brush fire all right, and the Kiamichi valley was ripe for it with the dry timber just waiting to spark off into a holocaust.

"My cigarette!" Charlie said.

"Maybe not."

We took the cowtrail down the edge of the slope toward the river, loaded down with buckets and shovels and axes with Abe panting along behind. By the time we reached the river, the fire had burned itself out. It had started in a patch of weeds, the low flames licking over a few square yards to die for lack of wind to push them to the first low branches of scrub oak a few yards distant.

Abe glanced out at the river, at the spot where we had been fishing that morning.

"You better be careful where you flip your ashes," he said, grunting slightly as he dipped a bucket in the water and handed it to Charlie. Charlie didn't say anything. He poured the water on the blackened brush and ducked back as the steam whooshed up from the coals. We threw a couple more bucketfuls around the area and then headed back for the cabin. Abe didn't ride Charlie anymore about the cigarette butt.

You could look at Charlie's lean face and see that he had been scared for a minute, scared with the thought that in a careless second he might have started a fire that could have cleaned out the dry timber of the Kiamichi valley quicker than a thousand men with power saws.

"Let's have some three-handed gin," Abe suggested when we got back to the cabin. But Charlie wasn't interested. He decided to fix supper while Abe and I tried to catch some fish. Out in the deep water, Abe looked at me.

"Charlie's jumpy," he said. "We've got to help him relax."

"He's had a bad year," I said.

We didn't say anything more about Charlie. We looked at the water and the sky and I threw my line into the water while Abe leaned back and concentrated on doing nothing. I didn't even get a bite.

I AM not sure when the nightmare began. I lay there in my bunk that night listening to Abe snoring like a buzzsaw and the mosquitoes droning against the fine mesh of the screen. A wind had come up from the southeast and it rattled through the trees and moaned under the foundations of the cabin. I lay there and thought about the big fish lurking in the deep water and I guess I dozed off for a couple of minutes.

When I opened my eyes, my mind was still furry with sleep and I thought the sun was coming up. Only it wasn't the sun. The light was red orange and it flickered through the window and splashed on the wall and I jerked awake, yelling for Abe and Charlie. North of us, the whole section along the river was ablaze, the flames spearing 50 feet into the night sky. It took us three minutes to get out of bed and dressed and outside. All of us felt a little sick.

We hadn't done a very good job putting out the brush fire. We had slopped water around and somewhere beneath a pile of leaves or in the twisted roots a coal had sparked and smouldered, springing into flame when the wind came up. The flame had seized on the brittle branches of a bush and climbed into the trees and now the whole world looked like a blazing inferno. The cabin wasn't in any immediate danger. We had a firebreak and the wind was pushing the fire away from us. But we all remembered the run-down house perched near the edge of the road.

WE threw axes and shovels into the station wagon and started the agonizing crawl over the washed-out road with Charlie hunched over the steering wheel and Abe peering out the side window at the reflection of the burning trees in the night sky. It took us 10 minutes to reach the main road from the side road but the highway wasn't in any better condition. Charlie drove like a madman but the station wagon couldn't make over 20 miles an hour without shaking itself to pieces.

Along the side of the road, men from the settlement of Kasoma were running toward the point where the fire would intersect the highway. We picked up as many as the station wagon would carry, until the springs didn't have any more give to them. A mile up the road, the headlight glinted on a pump truck that had been sent out from Antlers. They had gotten the signal at 12:22 and had gunned onto the dirt road cut-off in six minutes flat. But they weren't going to gun anymore. Their truck had hit a washout in the road and an axle had cracked and the gleaming monster of red metal and chrome was as good as dead for all the use it would be now.

Abe took charge of distributing the firemen around the station wagon, reverting to the cool decisions of the executive he was, even in the face of an almost hysterical tension. He saw to it that the fire extinguishers were strapped on the top luggage carrier and managed to get 15 men into a station wagon designed for many less. Then he turned to Charlie.

"Move," he said.

Charlie shoved the station wagon into gear and the transmission groaned in protest and finally we started moving. But the thing I remember most vividly was the look on Charlie's face, half lighted by the glowing reflection in the sky. He was concentrating on the rutted road in the glare of the headlights, but in his mind he was already blaming himself and living in some private hell.

We saw the boy before we saw the house. He didn't have his fishing pole with him this time and he wasn't laughing. He was running down the road toward our headlights, waving his hands and screaming at the top of his lungs like maybe we were just passing through and he had to stop us. One of the firemen dropped off the station wagon and the boy clambered on, still shrieking in an incoherent despair.

Then we rounded a bend and we didn't need his words to understand his terror. The house was there and it looked like one of the neon palaces of Las Vegas standing in bright relief against the dark-

ness of the night. But it wasn't neon. The spearhead of flames had ripped across the highway and the fire had engulfed the ancient house in an instant, crackling up the sagging columns of the porch, licking at the dry walls in solid sheets of flame.

The boy leaped off the station wagon and ran toward the house and a puff of smoke belched from the house and drove him back, coughing his lungs out. Then we heard the scream from inside the house, almost too intense and shrill to be human. We grabbed the hand extinguishers off the top of the station wagon and started running toward the house but the human animal, like any other, shrinks from a wall of flame.

A bareheaded fireman got too close in an effort to cool a path through the front door and his hair burst into flame. He screamed and rolled himself in the dirt until somebody grabbed him and threw a blanket over his head.

The fire extinguishers didn't do any good. The thin streams hissed against the walls and became steam and the fire seemed to prosper and grow brighter where the liquid touched. Somebody yelled above the roar of the fire as one column of the fire sagged double and collapsed, throwing flaming cinders into the wind, forming a blazing triangle around the front porch.

Some of us tried again, but 10 feet from the house the air was liquid fire and we were pushed back into the road, coughing and gasping for air. The majority of men knew the house was doomed, that the single scream which rose and fell was

helpless agony because nothing could be done about it. They had fanned out into the brush to cut a firebreak and keep the flames from spreading, smothering the fresh outcroppings of fire with wet blankets.

Only a handful of us stood around the house, listening to the screams which had begun to taper off above the crackling of the fire. I guess most of us hoped for a miracle, for the fire to suddenly burn itself out, or for whoever was trapped to break past the wall of flame into the open. We kept looking at the sky hoping for the sudden miracle of rain. But there was no miracle, only a handful of hollow-eyed men spraying tiny streams into a hell of burning wood and praying.

A LARGE patch of roof suddenly red-dened and burst into flame and there was a crack like a distant gunshot as the spine of the roof began to buckle. And then it happened. Charlie had been standing by Abe, his lean shoulders working with silent fury against the pump of one of the fire extinguishers. But when the roof cracked, he looked up and he heard the same last scream of torment the rest of us heard. I saw the look on his face and I yelled at Abe, but Abe wasn't quick enough.

Charlie dropped the pump handle and began to run toward the house, his arm thrown across his face like he didn't want to see where he was going. That last scream was too much for him. He had to do something about it. I tried to catch him.



Within 10 feet of the blazing porch, I made a dive at his legs, but my arms missed him and he ran onto the open side of the porch and through the blazing rectangle of the front door. It seemed that the house had been waiting for him. The minute he hurtled through the front door, the whole structure gave a shudder and then, in a single coordinated movement, the walls sagged and the roof buckled and the whole fiery hell fell in on him.

And I just lay there yelling after him, completely unaware of the pain searing across my back or the flames eating at my shirt until somebody grabbed my legs and pulled me out and I felt myself being smothered in a fireman's blanket.

They took me to a hospital at Hugo, Oklahoma, 47 miles away, so that all closer hospital space could be used for

more seriously injured victims. Abe took a room down the street. We didn't talk much when he came to visit. We just sat and stared out the window and endured that strained silence that exists between two men who share a memory too painful for expression.

But I heard the news over the radio. The fire lasted three days and there were a dozen men overcome by smoke before the fire was contained. The dead? Five kids and their mother in that burning house. The father had been away on business. The older boy had been sleeping out in the yard. No one could explain why the mother didn't get out with at least a couple of her children, but she didn't. Six dead and Charlie made seven.

Our cabin hadn't been touched. Abe put it up for sale the day I went into the hos-

pital. He knew he had my permission. Neither of us could face that cabin again.

On August fifth we were driving back toward Tulsa and Abe was sitting on his side of the station wagon, peering absently at the hills flattening out behind us. I pulled a new pack of cigarettes out of my pocket and held them toward him.

"Smoke?" I said.

He looked at the cigarettes and then at me and there was a frightened, baffled look in his eyes. He shook his head and looked back through the window and for a moment we were both thinking the same thing, picturing Charlie in the boat, the fish on the line, the quick flip of the cigarette in the lean fingers . . . I took the pack of cigarettes and dropped it unopened through the window. It bounced once and lost itself in the brush. ♦♦♦



MY STRANGEST 700 DAYS

Continued from page 17

Nine months later the *Chiquita*, a six-ton double-planked light displacement sloop, was ready for us. She boasted two suits of sails and sleeping space for five.

But then, barely a week before our announced sailing date, the man who'd agreed to come along as navigator found it necessary to withdraw his offer. Too, caught in an endless whirl of farewell parties, we saw that we were lagging discouragingly far behind in getting the *Chiquita* shipshape for departure. Those farewell celebrations can kill a man.

Frustrated over such delays, Don McLean and I got fed up and put to sea one midnight. We slipped away unobserved, without clearance, with practically no money, no two-way radio, no auxiliary engine, without even a foghorn.

We also had no navigator.

The date was June 4, 1952. Our embarkation port was the city of Auckland, where McLean and I both lived. We sailed 40 miles northeastward to isolated Great Barrier Island. There we spent the next seven days at quiet anchorage, finishing up the endless last-minute chores that are always required to get a vessel ready for a long sea voyage.

At night we read the navigation books we'd rounded up at the last minute.

Then on June 11th, after turning on the radio receiver batteries only long enough to pick up what we interpreted to be an encouraging weather report, we cast off.

That proved to be a mistake. Although it was June, it was also mid-winter; about the equivalent of what New York weather would be six months later. Conditions soon grew rotten: rain, wind and big graybeard seas.

For the next five days we lay hove to, being driven away down-wind. We didn't know where the hell we were. We couldn't glimpse the horizon to take a navigational sight because of the high waves. And we

wouldn't have known how to take such a sight anyway.

We learned later that this blow had stripped a 10,000-ton vessel in our vicinity of all her lifeboats. Nevertheless, it served to prove the little *Chiquita's* seaworthiness. Neither then nor in any of the countless other storms we were to ride out together did she lose a scrap of canvas or rigging.

Finally, the wind dropped enough for us to put sail up again. We carried a maximum of about 350 square feet: a storm trisail (mainsail) of flax and a Genoa jib of Egyptian cotton. Soon we ran into the clear water of the "Roaring Forties." We were on our way.

The days did not go by lazily, each a repetition of the one before it, as you sometimes read in books. Instead, Don and I seemed to be constantly passing each other in the tiny companionway. There were such chores as clearing ship, cooking meals, taking one's turn at the tiller, navigating and getting time signals on the shortwave to check the chronometer, sleeping, keeping the sloop and its rigging shipshape.

During those first tense weeks, when everything was so new, we each averaged about four hours per day of sleep. Later, as we sailed gradually upward into the warmer latitudes, we found ourselves with time to talk and read and fish.

We made our first landfall at Rarotonga, in the Cook Islands, on June 25th, two weeks after leaving Great Barrier. We arrived off this beautiful miniature tropical isle just as darkness was settling. In typical fashion, no lights shone to permit a bearing that would take us safely through the narrow opening in the reef. So, being amateurs, we decided to stand offshore until dawn.

Next morning we were glad for our decision. The rocky cut that led through the

reef to the little harbor inside was barely 50 yards wide. The milk-green seas could be seen and heard rushing in and out of it at a dangerous rate. Without benefit of an auxiliary engine, there would be no room to turn around inside. We would run smack into the bloody shore.

Don had climbed part way into the rigging. Now he called "The islanders have spotted us. They are waving for us to come on in anyway."

I smelled trouble. But we were stiff and cramped from the first leg of our voyage. We decided to give it a try.

We shot through the hissing inlet, dropping all sail the moment we were inside. But we'd built up too much momentum. Helplessly, I tried to veer the sloop off in time to avoid striking the dilapidated wharf.

"Bring 'er about, man!" Don yelled. Then: "Here we go—"

But the grinning islanders, bless their hearts, swarmed to the end of the dock structure, wending us safely off with their hands.

We remained at Rarotonga four days. The 26-square mile island is a New Zealand dependency and has about 50 white and 3,000 native inhabitants. These people enjoy a typically carefree Polynesian type of living, with copra and fishing still the main means of livelihood.

A week after leaving Rarotonga, we made our next landfall: romantic French Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, in the Society Islands. To my surprise, we hit it right on the nose.

Here again, however, the long ocean swells boiled in over the protecting shallow reefs of a central lagoon. This caused a strong tide to rush seaward again through the main entrance to the harbor. Our navigational references recommended that one come in fast here; faster than we could go, in fact.

Not much English is spoken at Papeete, and when the pilot boat came out to tow us in we couldn't explain that the *Chiquita's* designed hull speed was only eight miles per hour. The Frenchmen towed us at 10 . . . and I heard our towing bit break loose in the bow as we tried to climb a big foam-mottled swell.

Fortunately, we managed to make it safely into the quiet water of the gorgeous green three-mile-long lagoon that comprises the city's landlocked harbor. We tied up right in front of the main waterfront drive which follows the harbor shore. An anchor went out over the bow and our stern lines were snubbed about the muzzle of a decorative cannon, one of many buried in the ground along the drive. Such is the regular procedure for yachts and trading schooners putting in at Papeete.

WE were greeted by a terrific din. "Boy! We've really hit Tahiti!" Don yelled happily above the noise. People were swirling and dancing and shouting in the street, many of them beating hell out of empty five-gallon kerosene tins. Bright-eyed girls looked us over mischievously. They wore gayly colored sarongs—usually white flowers against a red background—wrapped revealingly about their shapely bodies. Their faces often left much to be desired, however.

It was Bastille Day, we discovered, and we had arrived in the midst of this annual two-week celebration of French freedom. Under the circumstances, we decided to help them celebrate.

There was no marine repair yard at Papeete, and it took us five days to borrow a welding outfit and repair the *Chiquita's* towing bit ourselves.

Meanwhile, the noisy spirit of carnival continued to prevail on all sides. Most of the businesses in town—whether for safety reasons, or not, we couldn't tell—had closed up tightly. Laughing Polynesians were present in scores from all the outlying island groups. They brought their own fruits and roast pigs and what not along. While the elders cooked, the young bucks and girls participated eagerly in hula dancing, singing and canoe racing contests. These latter were held out on the sparkling harbor. The canoes were big 50-footers, manned by 15 paddlers. Both men and girls competed. Sometimes the big craft were tied together and raced double.

We had intended to remain but four days. We stayed nearly four weeks, instead. After that a lack of funds, already low to begin with, obliged us to move on.

So we set a course for our next land, 10 days away. It was to be Nukuhiva, another French island, this one in the Marquesas group. By now Don and I had gotten our navigation and sailing down better, so that we enjoyed more free time. During this passage from Tahiti we found ourselves sitting on deck together after dinner, discussing such things as women, our childhood, our ambitions. I even caught myself talking of the four-and-a-half year hitch I'd put in at the Middle East, as a sergeant with the artillery at El Alamein, Crete and Greece.

Nukuhiva popped up out of the sea, looking not unlike the rest of these islands

here at the bottom of the world: towering dark basalt rock formations that dropped off sharply at the very edge of the sea, leaving only a narrow sandy beach at the edge of which rustled the inevitable line of coconut palms.

We remained here a week, spearfishing in the creamy surf with the natives (they used 18-foot long, wooden-handled spears with six-pronged metal heads). We swatted the little black "No-No" flies that bite one all over, and we talked with the girls. The native girls and women impressed us as having a perpetual look of sadness in their eyes. As one taxi driver in an American Jeepster dryly put it, "Across the years they have lost so many overnight lovers that it is reflected in their eyes."

At this 186-square-mile island, with a population of only about a thousand, we were approached by a 46-year-old Englishman. He told us that he was a schoolteacher, just knocking around the world.

"I've got to get away from here," he said bitterly. "The flies are driving me crazy."

"We're jumping to Honolulu from here," we announced, hopeful the news might discourage him.

His eyes lighted, however. "I have access to some American dollars there," he said eagerly. "You would be welcome to them in return for my passage."

We agreed, although we suspected—and rightly so, as it subsequently developed—that we would never see the money.

It took our educated guest, who hailed from London, three weeks to shake off the last of the fly-bite scabs. During that period the bloody rascal scratched all night and complained most of the days.

However, we didn't pay much attention. This was the first real long hop of our little "cruise," and we had other things to worry about. We charted a course that would take us almost due north for the first 1,200 miles (an estimated nine days). After that we hoped to pick up the southeast trades and travel northwest the remaining 1,300 miles into Honolulu.

The Englishman proved to be a good eater, if little else, and we felt obliged to keep a fishing line trolling in the wake, baited with a white rag. We caught a big albacore, and other varieties proved plentiful, too. Occasionally we would sight a big sea turtle swimming at the surface and change course to run alongside and lift it aboard. One such specimen weighed a couple hundred pounds. It was a matter of eat up quickly, of course, since we carried no refrigeration.

AFTER a long, uneventful passage, we arrived off the Hawaiian seaport city of Hilo. Up until this time I had prided myself on the fact, thanks to correct stowage, that there hadn't been a clink, a clatter or a groan anywhere aboard the *Chiquita*. Whenever a can had been removed from a full locker, it had been immediately replaced with another, and so on. Now, however, we became becalmed in an extraordinary situation that really gave us misery.

At 6 A.M., off Hilo light, we drifted into a terrific cross-chop that was being set

up by opposing currents in the sea. We could see the northeast trades a half mile away, but, without an engine, could do nothing about reaching the wind. We appeared caught in a miniature geyser. We rolled our decks under. Below, everything broke loose. Before we got out of there the cabin was one big mess of jam, honey, mayonnaise, and just about everything else! It was the only time I've ever been completely disgusted with anything and everything. I would have sold the sloop for the price of a plane ticket home.

NEVERTHELESS, Honolulu proved to be a most rewarding place—although we weren't long in discovering you damn well can't do anything with an American woman when you're broke.

We stayed aboard the sloop at the Ala-Wai yacht basin, and we found ourselves somewhat flabbergasted with the industry, the availability of textile goods, the big hotels and drive-ins and all. They had cautioned us back home that it would be as different as day and night. It was.

On October 4th Don and I left hula land for the 2,500 mile jump that was to take us northeast by east to San Pedro, California—we hoped. Our English friend, meanwhile, had gotten into so much trouble the English consul had felt obliged to arrange for his free deportation back to London via India and Suez. This undoubtedly had been his plan from the first. They usually do manage to get home, somehow.

Outside of a few whales, we saw not a damn thing on this, the longest leg of our journey; not a ship or plane until we made landfall at Point Conception, California, 23 days later. Nearly five months had elapsed since we'd slipped out of the harbor at Auckland at midnight, and Don and I had become pretty well used to each other. I was really sorry, therefore, when he left me at San Pedro to continue on up into Vancouver, British Columbia. Such had been his announced intention from the beginning, however, and I'd been prepared for it.

Alone, I bummed around, not doing anything. It is surprising how inexpensively one can get by when he has food and a place to sleep. Not being an American citizen, I wasn't permitted to work.

I planned to continue on down the Mexican coast, through the Panama Canal and up through the Caribbean to Miami, Florida. There I intended to sell the *Chiquita* and book passage home on a steamer. Inquiry, however, had revealed it would be foolhardy to tackle that section of Pacific coast without an engine to rely on; there was little or no wind—unless it came in squalls.

I ran into Perry Andrews, 43, and his wife, Bonnie, 36. They wanted to go to Florida, and I made a deal with them whereby they would pay for the installation of a 25-horsepower, 4-cylinder engine—and, since a woman was to be aboard, a lavatory—in return for their passage. These additions would also improve my chances of selling the sloop.

I set sail with the Andrews from San Pedro on September 23, 1953, and ran southward along the desolate 800 mile strip of Mexican coast known as Baja

California; barren except for an occasional fishing village. From the bottom of this treeless peninsula, at Cabo San Lucas, we swung east, taking three days to cross the Gulf of California and make landfall at the Las Tres Marias islands.

We then followed the mainland coast downward to Bahia Manzanillo and Acapulco. Perry and Bonnie meanwhile had proved themselves to be good sailors and affable shipmates.

It took us a month to break away from Acapulco, a fabulous place with a beautiful harbor and luxurious hotels perched everywhere you looked. The Mexicans told us that the hotels pay for themselves inside a couple of years; that 10 years ago there had been none there.

Next stop was the picturesque little fishing village of Puerto Angel, where we laid over for three days. Life here was easy, and living cheap. In return for two cigarettes a native would swap a big lobster for dinner.

WE would have done better to stay there a while longer; to listen to the friendly villagers as they warned of the "Tehautepeckers," the dangerous gales that could come roaring out through the mountain passes. Instead, on November 29th, we shoved off for La Union, El Salvador, across the Gulf of Tehautepec.

We left at 8 A.M., amidst cheerful cries of "Buena suerte" (good luck) from the Mexicans as they pushed the sloop free of the oyster-covered dock pilings. Twen-

ty-four hours later, smack in the middle of the bloody Gulf, we were to understand the reason for this warning . . .

We had been rolling easily along, the *Chiquita's* sleek hull gurgling and happy with the calm tropic seas. Perry had caught a rainbow-hued dolphin on the trolling line and we were looking forward to enjoying the fresh fish for dinner. Then, about one o'clock, the gentle south wind retreated before a freshening northeast breeze. Short, wicked seas began to pile up, one coming into the cockpit green every now and then to drench the helmsman.

We hove to and I told Bonnie and Perry, "Lash down all gear—it looks like the Tehautepec gale."

Then we went below, closing and bolting both hatches over our heads.

For two days we rode it out down there, drinking hot buttered rum to keep our spirits up as we waited. Then on the third morning, the seas seemed less.

"The worst is over," Perry predicted. "Let's go on deck and see about getting up some canvas."

I was tightening a loose shroud turnbuckle with a wrench when the big sea broke completely over the sloop, washing me overboard.

Air had become trapped beneath my oilskins, but as I bobbed back to the surface the *Chiquita* was nowhere in sight. Visibility was reduced to the nearest wave crest—about 50 yards.

I shouted. There was no reply. Only

the heedless rush of the wind-driven sea.

The sloop was gone, I told myself. I was done. The Mexican coast was 200 miles away—upwind.

A man thinks of strange things at a time like that. When I spied a hatch cover and several floating cans, each containing gasoline, I swam to the hatch and hugged the cans to my chest. I felt I could ignite the gas to attract the attention of a passing vessel. It never occurred to me where I would find a dry match to accomplish this.

And then—a mast!

It was the *Chiquita*, 800 yards away. Her jib was still set. Nobody was visible at the helm. She was sailing herself—but away from me. She could go on for hours like that . . .

I HAD no way of knowing it, of course, but Perry had also been washed overboard. And Bonnie, below, didn't even know we were both gone!

Then I witnessed an amazing thing: Perry hauling himself up over the stern, oilskins and all. He'd been holding onto a rope when he'd gone over and it had saved him.

I cried out and waved, but he failed to see me. Then the sloop dropped from sight behind a wave.

I was destined to see the *Chiquita* soon again, however. Perry had brought her about and was sailing straight toward me. But when he got within 50 feet I saw a wave strike the bow and she veered off.

When I was next carried buoyantly skyward I looked frantically about. The sloop had disappeared.

Five minutes later, however—it could have been 30 seconds—Perry again managed to bring the ship back in search of me. This time, joined now by his wife, he once more sailed past without seeing or hearing me.

I felt beaten. I knew it would be impossible for any man to bring the little vessel back to the same spot three different times in a vast, storm-driven ocean like this.

But Andrews did it. He and his wife were both on lookout as they approached. They were so close I could see blood running from Bonnie's face where she'd been injured by the huge wave while below-decks.

When I saw they were going to pass me by again, I screamed with terror. Fortunately, they were downwind and heard. Over went the helm and the *Chiquita's* bow swung toward me. I grabbed a rope and swung myself back aboard.

Perry stuck out his hand and grinned. "Brother, you're living on borrowed time!" he said gruffly.

On May 27, 1954—just nine days short of two years after we'd left from down under—I tied the *Chiquita* up at Miami, Florida. The 14,000 mile trip was over. I'd made the last leg up from Panama alone, since the Andrews had decided to continue by air from that point. The 700-odd day trip had cost about a dollar per person per day, with an extra 50 cents going for the "unexpected pot of paint."

All that remains now is to sell the sloop and go home. I hate to do it. We've been through a lot together. ♦♦♦



"Herbie has a deadly fear of athlete's foot."



LEAVE ME MY BLOOD

Continued from page 32

creature a taste of my blood and a chance at my life.

I didn't feel Number 13 crawling up the nylon net. But I felt his bite, as light as the nick of a razor, between my thumb and forefinger. I looked down and saw the vile animal sipping the blood that poured from my hand. I was horrified.

WITH a shudder, I shook the thing back into its trap as Jack came stumbling out of the cave. "Come on," I said to him. "Let's get out of here. One of them got me."

"Good God!" Jack said. It was more a prayer than an oath. Jack is a professional soldier, an army sergeant, and only a part-time naturalist. But he knew what the vampire's bite could do to a man. "We'll have to hurry," he said.

Yes, we'd have to hurry. Home was 1,700 miles away by Chevrolet station wagon. How long did I have to get there? I didn't know. It varied. Paralytic rabies, the brand the vampire carries in his teeth, could kill a child in 72 hours or less. A man like me, 32 years old, healthy, strong? There was no telling. Pedro Navigal, our Indian guide, put it: "*¿Quién sabe?*"

I know it's crazy, but even as old Pedro was relegating my life to fate, I was thinking about the survival of those damn vampires. And also 20 or 30 reptiles and amphibians I had collected. I was flipping a mental coin, weighing my chances of getting those creatures—and myself—back to San Antonio before Number 13's rabies virus incubated and went to my heart.

My choices were: Strike out for San Antonio over macadamized mountain trails originally meant for donkey carts and try to make it in whatever margin of safety my constitution allowed me. Or make for Mexico City and take the 14-day treatment for rabies while my animals—hard-won creatures, all, and rare—withered away and died.

I looked at my hand, still bleeding. The mental coin arched in my thoughts and came down on the only decision an animal collector could make. I would race death back to Texas. I didn't want my 13 killers to die.

Five times I had made this tortuous trip to Mexico's primeval Los Tuxtlas, a remote region of 1,000 square miles in the mountainous, wildlife-infested state of Vera Cruz. Twice I had reached its edge and been forced to turn back because my heap just couldn't negotiate the roadless route. But three years ago the state had cut a goat trail through part of Los Tuxtlas. It was then I got my first glimpse of a vampire bat, and heard natives tell of the crimes *el murciélajo vampiro* com-

mitted on God-fearing folk as they slept. From that moment, I wanted vampires of my own.

You've probably heard of vampire bats all your life. So had I. For years they have figured in the scenarios of Hollywood's goriest thrillers. Remember Dracula? Maybe you think vampires are fictitious. Believe me, they aren't.

Vampire bats are as real as the death they carry in their two tiny razor-sharp incisors. With these teeth they slice out small hunks of flesh from sleeping humans or helpless beasts, leaving a wedge-shaped wound. Into the wound the vampire spits a salivary agent which prevents blood clotting. His victim may bleed for hours, even days.

The vampire bat is smaller than Hollywood would have you believe. His wingspan seldom exceeds eight inches, about the same as an everyday bat's. And, no slam on Dracula, but the vampire doesn't normally attack a man at his jugular vein. He usually goes for the feet. The area near a man's big toe is relatively insensitive, and the vampire somehow knows it. The devil bat's diet consists of nothing but blood and once he has found a likely toe, he'll fly as far as 50 miles a night for his sanguinary repeat. And leave his victim bleeding.

Yet the vampire's prey does not usually bleed to death. Human victims will die, as I had chance of dying, of paralytic rabies. That's the kind which contorts a man into fantastic, hideous shapes a few hours before his death; causes him to go out of his mind and rave and howl; incites the most excruciating pain on the male side of childbirth.

THE vampire is no fiction. Eminent authorities recognize his evil. A Mexican official told me his government plans to send troops to Vera Cruz, the hub of vampire vandalism, to gun the creatures from their caves—if they can get them in their sights. Now and then there is an unconfirmed report of vampires on *this* side of the Rio Grande, and ranchers of the Southwest are understandably worried, too. Vampire bats are a menace not only to humanity, but to livestock, as well, for they are carriers of hoof-and-mouth disease and the dreaded botfly.

Why did I go stalking off in quest of such a scourge? In the first place, I am a collector of nature's freaks. It's my job to put on as unique and educational a show as limited funds at the San Antonio zoo will allow. And I had a hunch that my captives, if I got them, might help science cope with the problem, if vampires should really begin a mass migration toward the United States.

Strange is the land where the vampire hides. It isn't God's country. Nor is it exclusively Satan's stomping grounds. Los Tuxtlas is a naturalist's paradise, where wild life abounds in fantastic extremes. Hordes of oddities—the tapir, for instance, and the coatimundi, the kinkajou, the spotted paca—make Los Tuxtlas their home. But I have yet to see a rabbit there, which strikes me as sort of odd. Los Tuxtlas means "the rabbits."

I had made the trip solo before, but this time I had company. With me were Don Darling, a tall, athletic photographer of 27; Bob Roberts, my age, slight but muscular, professionally an airline executive but on this occasion an interpreter; and Jack Reid, the 24-year-old sergeant on furlough, stoutly built and strong as nails, probably the toughest man in our small safari.

THE road finally dwindled to nothing at all past San Andres Tuxtla, a town of maybe 5,000 Mexican Indians. I parked my mile-weary 1950 Chevvy and hiked to the farm of Juan and Pedro Navigal, the two natives who had served me as guides on previous junkets. Sure, they would be glad to supply horses and guidance on a bat-hunting expedition into the mountains.

Time was short; I had only three weeks in which to make my finds and dog it back to San Antonio. We set off just as soon as the guides could round up four flea-bitten old nags to haul our supplies.

Juan and Pedro took three days leading us to two bat caves where vampires had been sighted. Neither one paid off. We headed deeper into Los Tuxtlas. In the next week I found some magnificent amphibians, some unheard-of reptiles—but no vampires. Still, we had seen unmistakable evidence of their presence. One morning we had awakened to find one of our mounts bleeding profusely at the shoulder. Devil bats had drunk of his blood in the night. We patched the steed up as well as we could and left him at a mountainside farm, hoping the pitiful animal would not die.

We followed our guides to a third cavern where bright stalactite chandeliers dripped from a ceiling 15 feet high. It was a natural tunnel, a waterfall guarding either end. We plunged into a stream and paddled underwater to enter. Once inside we could see the sun setting behind the waterfall at the west entrance. It was the most spectacular show I ever witnessed. But it was too much like a subterranean cathedral to house anything so ungodly as vampires.

Exiting through the falls, we turned despondently toward home. Time was running out on Bob's vacation. Jack and Don and I had another week in which to find the lair of the devil bats.

Pedro said he knew of one more place where vampires might be trapped. It was near Laguna Enchantada—the enchanted lagoon, a crater lake on the side of San Martin Volcano, not too many miles from Pedro's home. On the cliffs overlooking the lagoon were shallow caves, and vampires had been circling over the area of an evening. But it would take some rugged climbing to reach it, Pedro said.

"Let's go," I said. "A place with a name like 'the enchanted lagoon' is bound to have vampires."

"Yeah," Jack said dryly. "And maybe witches, too!"

Eagerly we plodded the miles to the volcano. As we walked I couldn't help wondering how the vampire bats, obviously numerous, could wreak so much bloodshed, night after night, without revealing their hideout. I asked Juan. He responded simply, "*El diablo es muy suave, señor*. The devil is very smooth."

Juan's analogy was apt. The devil bat is smoothly elusive. His *modus operandi* is as slick as a second-story man's: Flit into an open window, make a quick and almost painless incision as you sleep, and drink your blood. About two ounces satisfy his appetite. Then he gets out quickly, silently. His call is inaudible to all but him, unless he is frightened. His days are spent in hiding. No wonder he is hard to trap!

As we neared the cave above Laguna Enchantada, I smelled success. I said smelled, and I meant it. The stench of bat guano slammed into our faces like ammonia. Actually, that's what it was—bloody black droppings changed to ammonia by bacteria. The odor was strong and unpleasant, almost overpowering.

But I wanted vampires. So the four of us put handkerchiefs over our faces and entered. Wings scurried in sudden fright as upside-down creatures righted themselves for flight. We wore double layers of clothing to guard us against the vampires' slicing, slashing teeth.

Each of us had a net and we staggered without order in the fetid, black hole, swatting violently at the sound of wings. Our flashlights stabbed the darkness, revealing all kinds of winged rodents, gentle insect-eaters as well as vampires.

Swearing, sweating, swatting the night with our nets, we succeeded in landing four vampires. Conventional bats, quickly identified by their lack of "thumbs," we let loose. Five minutes after we entered, there was nothing in the cave but men. The bats had gone.

Triumphant, we made our way back to the village. We put Bob on a bus and wished him well. He was off to Mexico City, where he would catch a plane to deliver the bats to San Antonio. The photographer, the sergeant and I were to remain for a few days to pick up whatever we could before returning to the States by car.

A FEW nights later we got the heart-breaking word by telegraph. The devil bats, all four of them, had died a few days after Bob reached San Antonio. It was all to do over again. Once more Pedro led Jack and me off to the enchanted lagoon. Don remained in the village to pay our bills and load the equipment and animals into the station wagon. Juan stayed on to help him.

As we trekked up the steep volcano, hoping the vampires had not abandoned their cave, I doped out a way to get a bigger catch. I planned to catch a dozen vampires—and maybe one more for luck—to make sure at least one survived the long journey home.

It had grown dark by the time we

reached the lair. I beamed a light inside and my heart pounded. The vampires had returned. Jack and Pedro helped me build a latticework of branches and leaves to make the cave's mouth smaller. When we had finished, the opening was just the size of my net.

Jack handkerchiefed his face and inched into the gloomy hole, all the way to the back, trying not to disturb the bats. I stood anxiously at the mouth of the cave, holding a net. Pedro waited outside. Suddenly Jack began shouting and flailing a branch wildly and hundreds of wings slapped the darkness at once. Man, those bats poured into my net like a school of minnows!

I MADE one mistake. Jack had gloves on. I didn't. There was only one pair, and he was more likely to need them inside the cavern than I was at the mouth. Or so I figured.

As Jack flushed them out, I separated the vampires from the insect-eating bats. I decided to keep two leaf-nosed bats, which are harmless and not too rare, to add to my collection for comparison with vampires when I got them home.

When I had 12 vampires in my modified reptile box, I called to Jack, "Any more in there?"

"Just a few," his voice echoed back.

"Shoo 'em out," I shouted. "I'm trying for an even baker's dozen."

And that's when Number 13 came in.

After that devil bat sank his teeth into my hand and swigged my blood, my first impulse was to run. But I didn't. As a herpetologist, I knew running was a dangerous thing to do after a snake bite. The same thing might apply to a vampire's bite. We walked down San Martin Volcano. Not calmly, but we walked.

Once we reached the car, though, Jack hustled me into a back seat and pulled out all the stops. You'd have thought my old jalopy was a tank the way Jack bounced it along that asphalt washboard that folk in Vera Cruz are quite proud to recommend as a highway. I doubt if we averaged 45 miles an hour, but it seemed like 80.

Jack screeched to a stop at the mouth of Rio Papaloapan, which widens to a lake that snips the road in two at a nameless fishing village. Across the water lay Alvarado, and a decent stretch of highway. As we pulled into the village, my heart dropped to my hiking shoes. The salvaged LST which serves as a ferry across the lake was just chugging away from the dock.

It was approaching midnight and we had come 50 miles. I lay on a back seat, trying to make my mind shut up so I could sleep. I heard Jack ask an attendant how long it would be before the next ferry.

"*Siete horas*," I heard him reply.

Seven hours. A man can do a lot of thinking in seven hours. Of a pretty wife named Ingrid, waiting for a gadabout husband's return. Of a bright six-year-old son named Johnny and said to look like his old man. Of the 1,650 miles that stretched like infinity between us. And of vampire bats and the virus they carried and the disturbing medical truth that rabies could bend a man like a pretzel

in the last agonizing hours before death.

At dawn the ferry was a punctuation mark on the horizon. I watched it churn slowly toward us across the sun-pinkened lake and I wondered vaguely if the water hadn't changed to molasses overnight. *Something* was holding that bucket back.

At last the ferry labored up to the dock. We boarded and it pushed back, just as sluggishly, toward Alvarado. After we made the other side—some years later, it seemed—the road got better. Don took the wheel, revved the station wagon up to 70 and let it hang there. The three of us alternated driving after we hit the Pan-American Highway, stopping only for gas.

I expected a delay at the border. But my boss, Fred Stark, had telegraphed officials to belay the red tape. He didn't know I had been bitten. He was worried about the vampires, not me.

With 200 miles to go, I took over the wheel. The stateside highway to San Antonio slashes straight as a cutting word through chaparral and scrub mesquite, and I took advantage of it. I tried to ram the gas pedal through the floor all the way. We blew into San Antonio like a prairie fire, with me forgetting city ordinances as we streaked across town to the zoo.

There was a 15-second layover at the menagerie as I kicked out my passengers, both human and animal, and spun the wheels again, pointing my grill toward a medic. The Chevy screamed to a stop at the city health department and I walked straight through to my doctor and wasted no words telling him what I needed. He wasted no time getting out the long needle.

"You realize," he said, "that this serum isn't perfect, don't you? There's about one chance in 500 that it will give you rabies—if you don't have it already—instead of immunity."

I grinned. "That's okay, Doc. I like the odds."

It was his turn to grin now. "Well, then, take off your shirt."

"Off? Aren't you going to stick me in the arm?"

"No," the doctor said. "In the stomach."

He did. Right in the breadbasket. Every day for 14 days he slammed that needle in my gut and squirted serum into my system. You're damn right it hurt. But it did the trick. At least, I haven't gone mad.

My story doesn't end there. Not quite. All 13 of my vampire bats survived and are thriving. In fact, one of them gave birth to twins not long ago. The zoological world was astounded that vampires could make a grueling, 72-hour trip from Vera Cruz to San Antonio without blood. It had never been done before.

I'VE got a secret. When we pulled into San Antonio that morning, my 13 vampires were in the best of health. They weren't even hungry. But somehow, the two harmless leaf-nosed bats I had placed in the box with them at the enchanted lagoon didn't fare so well. They were dead.

The poor things had bled to death. I'm not sure why, but I can guess. ♦♦♦



CALL GIRLS OF PARIS

Continued from page 14

hurries to swanky bars along the Champs Elysées, the Rue Madeleine, Rue Caumartin, or fringing the Place de l'Etoile. She is elegance itself, with a body that would put Marilyn Monroe in the minor leagues. *Tapins* have refused movie contracts and modeling careers simply because they see no reason to enter work that wouldn't pay as well or provide as much fun as their present profession.

A *TAPIN'S* price starts at \$50. This may sound like small change to a Jelke girl, but in Paris it is a mint. Furthermore, unlike the Café Society all-night chippie, a *tapin's* visits are brief, and so her earning capacity is large.

Tapins rarely cruise the streets; most of the time they move from bar to bar, sipping champagne as they size up the men. Bartenders worship *tapins*. An ex-Paris bartender told us:

"*Tapins* are better drawing cards than a three-ring circus. They make potential customers spend a lot of money and they never get out of order in public. Bars that cater to *tapins* can be sure of a good crowd of men every night. These girls are genuine ladies of the evening."

Parisians concede that *tapins* are the best thing to come out of the much hated anti-prostitution law. Direct victim of most of the ill feeling is Madame Marthe Richard who, as a member of the Paris city council, started her campaign against prostitutes in 1946. Rampant sex, she said at the time, was causing widespread venereal disease and destroying French morals, as well as weakening the nation. To support her contention, she pointed to France's poor showing at the beginning of World War II, when it was easily overrun by the German army.

Women's organizations lined up behind Madame Richard. The only rebuttal male opponents to the campaign could offer was that they liked frequenting the houses themselves, but women refused to accept this as a valid argument. By April, it became apparent that Madame Richard would win out. The last few public hearings on the debate were crowded by pimps and madams, who wept openly as they watched their empires crumble. Six months later, the brothels of Paris closed their doors.

Naturally, the new law was doomed from the start. However worthy Madame Richard's intentions, however sincerely the police tried to enforce the new law, ridding Paris of prostitutes—of any kind—was as impossible as crating the Eiffel Tower in a match box.

Disgruntled prostitutes wrote the police: "If you think Paris was filthy before, now she will be gangrenous. Are you so simple that you think a law can change human nature? Frenchmen must tradi-

tionally have their prostitutes; we intend to continue to make ourselves available."

Previously, a fair-play law had stipulated that no prostitutes could operate within 100 yards of a church or school, simply because males en route to either were so easily detoured. Within hours after the prostitutes had been ejected from their brothels, they appeared on church steps and in schoolyards. Arrests followed, but soon the city jails were unable to handle the mobs of hussies who kept arriving by the van load.

The hordes suddenly turned out of house and home were violent. They cruised like the Fleet, and to advertise their wares they did everything but carry signs. Loudly they boasted their talents to every man on the boulevards, and should a stray male even look as if he might be interested, women descended from all directions to battle over him.

In the earlier and less hectic era, every prostitute was tested for V.D. at least twice a month, thus precluding a serious outbreak of the diseases. Also, prostitution was not necessarily the worst disgrace that could befall a girl or her family. Poverty-stricken parents who realized that daughter was unlikely to accumulate a nest-egg in any other way often gave written permission for her to enter a brothel. It was not unusual for a house to be staffed by a dozen 14- or 15-year-old farm girls, all peaches and cream and eagerness, and all equipped with okays from mama and papa.

The single proviso for these newcomers was that they could not be virgins. To Americans, this sounds like a weird prerequisite, but the French are known to be impatient with inexperience of any kind.

Finally accepted by a madam, the teenager spent about a week taking sex lessons, most often from a pimp. Fully instructed, she was then registered with city authorities, slipped into a transparent evening gown and turned loose in a reception room.

THE anti-prostitution law turned them loose on the town. Most of them were too young to adjust to the free life, and without a madam to guide them they quickly sank to the lowest level of their trade. They picked up diseases, which they passed on to every man who touched them.

When closing the brothels, the police likewise canceled the call-girl permits to hotels and informed registered prostitutes with apartments that entertaining strange men for the night was *fini*. Encouraged by the early boom, hotel managers and call girls ignored the law. Many of them were caught, fined a few francs and locked up for a few days. Raids on apartments

netted a battalion of surprised customers nightly. The girls tried to protect their men. "He's my cousin from the country," one prostitute said of her visitor.

"Well, tell your cousin to put on his pants and get back to the farm, or he's going to jail," the police inspector threatened.

Months passed, and the boom faded as the novelty wore off. Women grew desperate and men were afraid to walk the streets alone. The Sphinx, 122, and other famous brothels were converted into tenements and student boarding-houses. Former customers, walking by, always tipped their hats, in memory of happier days.

By the end of 1947, the Paris city council began to wonder if it had done the right thing. Madame Richard was out of office, having been defeated for reelection by an overwhelming male vote.

AND the prostitutes are still locked out. The *poules*, slumming through Montmartre, are lucky to clear \$75 a week, most of which they turn over to the *maquereau*—the zoot-suit lovers they traditionally support. In return for the money, *maqs* regularly beat up the prostitutes, a pastime the girls seem to enjoy because, as soon as their bruises heal, they go back to the streets to earn more for their boy friends. *Maqs* spend their time at saloons and the races, going home when they need more loot or just feel like pushing a bimbo around.

Filles, cruising the Boulevard St. Germain, Place Pigalle and Place Clichy, can earn \$125 a week when tourists are in town. Considerably better looking, these prostitutes have influence at the few remaining hotels that risk renting rooms by the hour. Such hotels also keep on hand a supply of marriage licenses, conveniently notarized and pre-dated, for men who don't want to take chances with the police.

Tapins do the best by far, easily taking home \$500 a week. Much of this they spend on beautiful clothes; more of it goes to silence the doorman of the swanky apartment where they take men and to sidetrack any cop who may be getting wise to the setup.

The real trouble for all the girls, however, comes not from the police but from other prostitutes. The later the hour, the more chippies appear on the streets. And the part-timers are desperate to give sex one last try before hurrying home for a little sleep before crawling off to their jobs in shops and factories.

Paris cops hate these brawly pre-dawn hours. Fights break out over available men; name-calling echoes in the night. Occasionally a woman makes the mistake of trying to pick up a plain-clothes de-

tective. When the guy tries to do his job by arresting her, other prostitutes dash to her defense, jump the cop, and leave him in a bloody heap.

By sunup, scores of prostitutes are carted away to jail where, because of the already crammed conditions, they receive only scoldings from hamstrung judges and threats that another offense will mean 90 days.

The current estimate is that one out of every 200 Paris women is a prostitute. The girls place the estimate higher, believing that any woman who, in return for gifts or dates, has intercourse with more than one man a week is prostituting on a small scale. In the same class, say the harlots, are the countless women who sub-

mit to sex in order to hold their jobs or to extend their credit at neighborhood stores.

Wherever you draw the line, the flourishing Paris prostitution presents a serious problem. Those who advocate a return to legal sex sales claim that bordellos and licensed hotels will bring V. D. under control and, by clearing the streets, allow the police to rid the boulevards of annoying part-timers. Social hygienists in our own country are quick to dispute this and have bales of statistics to prove their point.

Persons interested in improving the moral climate of Paris contend that the trouble lies in halfway measures. The way to rout out prostitution, they say, is not

merely to close houses but to guarantee that there is jail room for all operating harlots. These people, who are numerous and influential, blame the police for not doing their job. The police, in turn, complain that they are outnumbered to the point of helplessness.

But the average male tourist is not a reformer, and the average Paris boulevardier is not a cop. Both have roving eyes. When they spot something lush and lovely, they reach for their wallets.

That is why some experts suggest that the only way to eliminate prostitution in Paris would be to imprison not the girls but their customers. Under prevailing conditions, that would require the biggest mass-roundup in the history of sex. ♦♦♦



HE WAS PASTED TO THE FLOOR

Continued from page 41

"Hey, Janos, big overtime this week," Steve had greeted me when I showed up to go on shift. He used my Hungarian first name instead of the Anglicized version "John."

"Yeah. A few more weeks of this and we'll be able to buy the place," I laughed. For almost two months, we had been drawing record-breaking checks. What with overtime and bonuses for high production, the three of us were almost ready to think of getting Cadillac convertibles to knock the eyes out of the Pittsburgh dames.

"Our soup pot's bubbling right along," Pete grinned after we got into our heavy protective clothing and prepared to climb the ladder to the furnace platform. The thick cobalt safety glasses all steel men wear when working around an open-hearth operation were riding high on his forehead. He reached up and yanked the goggles over his eyes. "We'd better take baby's temperature."

Pete went up the ladder first. He carried along the steel rod that's used to check the temperature of the cooking steel. Steel-making is an exacting job. A mistake and you've ruined hundreds of thousands of pounds of the metal.

"She's just about ready," Hunyadi yelled above the noise and roar of the plant. "We can tap pretty soon!"

THE temperature around the outside of the furnace gets as high as 500°. You can't take much of it, even when you're wearing asbestos protective clothing. The three of us stood as far back as we could. I stared up at the huge furnace towering above me. Inside its giant maw, melted down scrap, iron ore, pig iron, limestone and fluorspar had been cooking for almost nine hours. Some 200 tons of the molten steel bubbled within the furnace.

"Let's raise a little hell this week end. I'm about ready to tie on a big one," Pete shouted in my ear while we waited for

word to tap the furnace. "Maybe we can drive in to New York Saturday."

"Hell! You've got to put on a necktie to get around that town. I'd just as soon do the job here in Pittsburgh," I yelled back at him, only half-meaning what I said. The prospect of a weekend of fun in the Big City appealed to me.

STEVE shoved a little closer to us. He had heard at least part of what we had been saying. He clenched his hammy fist and shook it under our noses. "You guys better pay attention to work. Think about your hell-raising on your own time!" he growled. "You got your damned minds on liquor and women all the time."

"What's the matter, Steve? Old age creeping up on you? And all the stories you've been feeding us about the old days, too," I kidded him, then gave it up. The terrible heat seared your lungs whenever you opened your mouth to yell too long. The air was like the flame of a blowtorch.

I guess Steve was tougher than I was at that. He took a deep breath of the superheated air and let loose with a string of obscene curses delivered in both Hungarian and English. "Old? Why I'll drink both you wet-eared bastards under the table any day!" he roared. "Dead drunk, I'll lick the pants off both of you!"

Pete and I laughed while the veteran steel worker raged on. Then we slapped him on his shoulders and he began to laugh, too.

We were ready to tap a minute or two later. To understand the operation, it's necessary to know something about open-hearth furnaces. They're monstrous things—80 feet or more long, 20 feet wide.

An open-hearth furnace is like a giant soup kettle made of first-quality silica brick or dolomite—a mineral with an almost unbelievable resistance to heat. High up in the sides holes are pierced to remove the slag—the waste material that collects on top of the molten steel as pro-

duction goes on. Near the bottom there's also a tap hole.

When the steel is ready—when the impurities have been removed and the temperature is right—the molten metal is drawn off through that tap hole. To open it, the furnace crew shoves a long heavy bar of metal through the furnace door and batters and digs at the dolomite lining of the tap hole.

Inside the furnace, the white-hot metal is building up tremendous pressure. It's ready to break through the crust of the lining and burst into the runner that leads to the huge ladle waiting below.

"Careful when you start digging," Steve hollered. "Watch yourselves."

Pete and I got near the tap hole. The tap bar was already hotter than hell. Without the asbestos gloves protecting our hands, the heat of the metal would have burned the flesh from our palms.

"Let's go!" Hunyadi nodded. We rammed the bar hard against the face of the lining. It hit solid and our hands slid forward a little.

"Try it again!" I grunted loudly, shifting my feet and keeping an anxious eye on the runner. For when the steel busts through, you have to move and move fast to avoid the terrible, incinerating flow of the molten metal.

"Okay! Go!" Pete and I thrust the bar forward once more. And again it hit solid. No break in the lining that time either.

Steve was getting a little worried. He moved in between us and added his weight to the next thrust. This time we felt the lining give a little.

"One more!" Steve bellowed.

Pete was nearest the furnace, Steve Foldos next. I was on the outside, farthest from the furnace door. Even so, the waves of flesh-baking air billowed out and penetrated through my safety clothing. I took a step to the side, hauling back on the tap bar.

"Now!" Foldos ordered and we jammed

the metal rod forward, putting every ounce of energy we had into it.

That's when the living hell bottled up inside the furnace blasted the world asunder. God knows what had gone wrong, but instantly everything around us burst into one gigantic sheet of roiling, all-consuming, blinding white light!

The lining had given way—and the great waves of molten steel were hosing out of the break!

A great mass of liquid fire, forced out by the tremendous pressure inside the furnace, hosed out toward the platform. The white-hot steel was alive. Brilliant sparks showered up ahead of the terrible flow, flew up in front of it in a fearful, lethal spray of incredible brightness.

This much my mind managed to grasp before the concussive wave struck. It was as though a shell had gone off a few feet from me. I felt it—and at the same moment everything was outlined in a stark, hideous panorama of dead black and blinding white!

Steve and Pete were silhouetted by it. I saw them throw up their arms, stagger and sway. Yet it looked unreal, a ghastly nightmare invented by some movie studio special-effects man. The two were no longer human—they were one-dimensional figures cut out of black paper and viewed while staring into a searchlight!

I was screaming. I couldn't hear it, but I felt the tearing ache in my lungs. Perhaps I was petrified by fear, but I couldn't move for what seemed an eternity. More likely, the terror and infinite horror of the moment sped up my mental processes, making everything seem to happen in slow motion. For I know now that the entire ghastly tragedy could have taken only a few seconds. . . .

I felt myself go to my knees from the force of the rushing air. Even as I struggled to regain my footing—to turn and run—I saw Steve spinning on his heels. Pete was falling, too. He hit the platform, now red-hot from the molten steel overflowing the runners. The force of the gushing volume of metal was far more than the runners had been designed for.

As Pete hit the deck, his safety mask was torn from his head and rolled off somewhere into the insane patchwork of blinding light and unearthly black shadow. He was shrieking. I saw his mouth open.

Instantly, his face began to change color. It grew darker and darker. I couldn't understand why—then I saw he was less than a foot from a river of white-hot metal. His body writhed and jerked horribly.

Even through my cobalt goggles I could see that death was already with him. The terrible heat was charring his head and face to a black mask. There was a tiny puff of flame that formed a grisly halo around his head when his hair caught fire.

"Steve! Steve!" I screamed. "Run. Get out!"

I was less than 10 feet from them. There was nothing I could do but shriek and pray. But there was no time for prayer. Steve was clawing frantically at the air—but his hands found nothing and I could not reach him, although I lunged forward.

Steve's agonized, protesting death cry

rose above the cracking spatter of the steel, above the roar and rush of the fast-flowing metal. It ripped through the air, tearing down my spine.

For Steve was falling—falling straight into the hellish cauldron formed by the great pool of molten steel below the platform!

I KNOW Steve Foldos died instantly. I know his tough, muscular steel man's body was turned into ash the moment he struck the fiery mass. But his shriek hung on, trailing after him, as though his voice, the last manifestation of life, wanted to stay behind.

My feet were burning. The platform was untenable. The splashing white death had turned it into a griddle. I felt the awful heat charring the soles of my heavy shoes.

"Get out of here. You'll be burned to death if you stay. You God damned fool, move!" I heard myself saying over and over. But I couldn't help myself. The meat-shrivelling temperature around me had numbed my brain. As if hypnotized, I moved the few feet to where Pete Hunyadi lay—now absolutely still.

"Come on, Pete. Get up!" I mumbled. He still didn't move. I reached down to shake him by the shoulder.

The grisly bundle refused to move. There was nothing left of the face. Nothing but tightly curled ribbons of charred flesh that had split off. Beneath the hideous mass of blackened flesh bones and teeth protruded, gleaming whitely, hideous in the infernal white light.

I tugged and yanked at the body. Then I realized it was useless. I understood why, and I turned and ran, vomiting and sobbing as I did.

The awful heat had baked Pete fast to the platform! His body had stuck fast to the steel floor—even through his asbestos

clothing—the way a piece of meat will stick to the bottom of a pan in an oven!

My mouth was filled with the sour foulness of my vomit and the salt of my hysterical tears. God only knows how I found a ladder leading to the floor of the plant. God only knows how I made it half-way down—down to where the men running up toward the platform caught me. . . .

God only knows—for there were no soles to my shoes—almost no flesh on the soles of my feet! Leather and meat had both burned off. I was told later that chunks of cooked flesh had been torn right out of the soles of my feet.

It wasn't necessary to tell me. The agonizing pain that filled my life for the next six months was enough. I lay in the hospital for almost six months. My face and hands were badly burned, too. But my feet—endless, painful skin grafts, treatments, operations. . . .

I'm told they got Pete's body down, although it was little more than a calcined skeleton. I've been out to see his grave in the Hungarian cemetery in Pittsburgh. I've also seen the grave they dug for Steve Foldos. It's in a quiet corner of the same cemetery. There's a white cross over it.

But I know the grave is empty. There was nothing in the coffin his people buried there. Nothing, that is, except a chunk of steel some of the guys cut out of the great mass that had spilled out of the furnace and cooled on the plant floor.

They hacked the piece out from where they figured Steve must have fallen. There was nothing more they could do. Molten steel at 3,000° destroys a human body completely.

But for me, nothing will ever destroy the terrible memory of my best friend's charred and hideous face—or the sound of Steve's dying scream. ♦♦♦



STAG CONFIDENTIAL

Continued from page 35

Academy in Washington. We'd have three times the number of cleared cases if more cops attended (now LESS THAN ONE OUT OF FOUR CRIMES RESULT IN ARRESTS). . . . Concord, N. C., police force now has a deputy named Lewis Crooks. . . .

MEN IN SPORT

The smart money doesn't count out Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson just because he failed against Jimmy Slade, looked lousy against Nino Valdes. HURRICANE'S STILL YOUNG, STRONG; when Louis lost to Schmeling, he was Tommy's age, and most people gave up on him. Plenty of youngsters have been pummelled, COME ON TO BE CHAMPS. . . .

Quickest way to drop a bankroll at the track is to have something going every race. Pros work a "SPOT PLAY" SYSTEM, play half-a-dozen horses at the most, every week. . . . Puffed out lips of football players are mouthpieces, worn by more and more linemen. . . .

A MAN'S JOB

If you're floundering, the "hot" occupations now are these: Engineers (can pick their job, salary anywhere); cooks, teachers, machinists, toolmakers, patternmakers, brick and stone masons. . . . BEST TOWNS IN AMERICA FOR WORK are these: Dallas, Seattle, Atlanta, Flint, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Jacksonville, Knoxville, Hartford, San Bernardino, Tulsa and Omaha. . . .

The LOUSY JOB TOWNS now are Detroit, Joliet, Altoona, and Pittsburgh, although the last is picking up. . . . If you're OVER 35, stay away from San Francisco. Jobwise, you're considered over the hill.

NEW FOR MEN

An Illinois firm now turns out an ATOM BOMB BLANKET for protection against radiation, fire and deadly ash. . . . RCA's got a "SLUMBER KING" clock radio that lets you go to sleep listening to music on one station, wakes you up to music on another. . . . Cody gloves has a buckskin style in which one hand gets a mitten, the other a mitten with a trigger finger. . . .

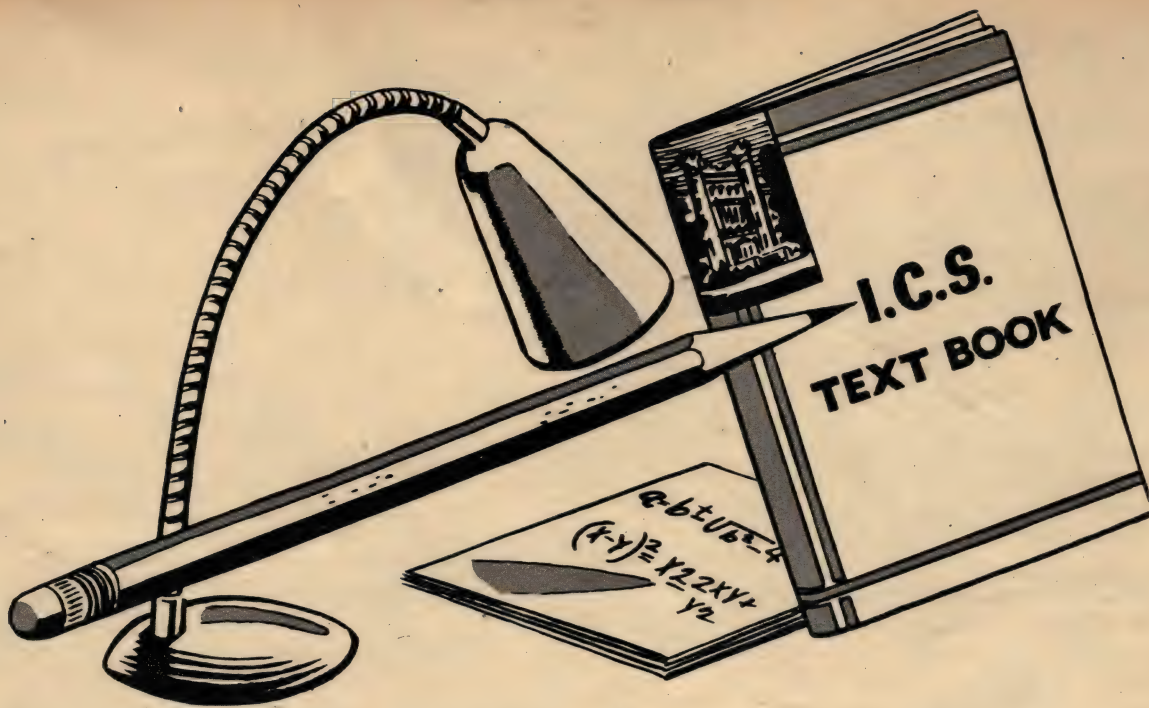
B'klyn's Bilnor Co. puts out a 60-pound PORTABLE ICE-SKATING RINK 24 ft. in diameter that takes 2, 3 inches of water, converts your back yard into a rink. . . . For the first time, Rolleiflex has an underwater camera within reasonable price range. . . .

MEN IN CARS

You're dreaming if you believe the PHONIES who advertise a \$100 ring and valve job for \$6.95. . . . Do these things if you're going to sell your car. 1. Clean it, especially the inside, even the trunk. Use an electric sweeper. 2. Wash it, maybe polish it, but DON'T REPAINT it or have small dents removed. Dealers can spot that kind of stuff a mile away. . . .

On slush and ice, NATURAL RUBBER TIRES give you BETTER TRACTION than synthetic. . . . JET CARS ARE ON THE WAY. Most manufacturers have plans for them. They'll BE CHEAPER IN FUEL, have less parts to worry about. . . .

NOISE ISN'T ALWAYS A BAD SIGN in your car. An engine tuned for top speed should give off some tappet noise when it's cold. Strike a brake drum free of drag and it'll give off a nice clear ring. . . . Make a habit of keeping heavy objects off the rear shelf of your car. They can cause almost as much trouble as COLLISION. . . . Some midwest car dealers are offering FREE radio, heater and automatic transmission in effort to move cars. . . .



TOOLS FOR MEN WHO WANT TO SUCCEED

It's the men with ambition who turn to I. C. S. and take up these tools. They study by mail, at home, in their spare time. Then overnight, it seems, they start moving up. A factory worker is promoted to foreman. A clerk becomes a department head. An engineer is suddenly a

management man. Or an unexpected raise comes along. In many thousands of cases, I. C. S. training has helped forge careers, increase incomes, build a man's pride in himself. Mark the field below that interests you and mail the coupon today.

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One tells you about the job opportunities in the field of your choice. The other, "How to Succeed," is a 36-page gold mine of success hints. Third is a sample lesson text to demonstrate I.C.S. method.

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afraid of losing customers. Why did you yell copper if you didn't want to stop him?" I snapped, but I didn't see any love in anyone's eyes for me as the grocer tried to square himself for blowing the whistle on the man on the sidewalk. It got my fur up.

More cops came and took the guy to the hospital. I shooed the human vultures away and headed back to the jail to write my report and file charges. I'd unbuckled my .38 and was chopping away at the typewriter with one finger when Gus, my first deputy, walked in, sweating in the heat like a cold bottle of beer. He looked like an angry kitten so I knew he'd heard about the robbery.

"Duffy Hawkins, you're a real nice, lovable Joe, aren't you?" He was eating a banana and lisped over the soft goo in his mouth. He wiped a stubby hand over little lips as he talked.

"You didn't have to shoot him. You could have put out a wanted on the guy and picked him up later. Keerist, he's got three kids," Gus said.

"He should have thought of them before." I typed on.

"Aw, be human. The guy's been out of work since the cannery closed three weeks ago."

"LOOK, Gus, if he got away with it, they'd all be laughin' in their beer and tomorrow another guy would try it, then another one the next day. He learned and this way they all learned you can't steal."

"I don't know why people keep a sour bastard like you in office. Somebody must respect you, but I don't know who or why. I'm just hoping someone gets the nerve to clout you some day."

"What's wrong with you people, Gus? You holler cop then call me killer when I bag a guy who's just pulled a holdup. When I see a guy with a knife in his hand, I'm going to get him before he hurts somebody and I don't care how I do it."

"You'd arrest your own mother."

"Yeah, and I'd arrest yours, too. He broke the law, and by God, when I'm around he'll pay. Anybody who doesn't like it can vote against me or leave town. Now can the goose-head chatter. I have work to do."

He finished his banana and threw the skin at the waste can. It missed. He didn't budge to pick it up.

"If you'd work more and talk less around here, you'd be a pretty good cop. Gus. Now pick up that goddam peel," I said.

"Whattaya mean?" he pouted. "I do as much as anyone around here. Why the hell did you make me your first deputy if you don't like me?"

"Who said I didn't like you, Gussie?"

LYNCH

Continued from page 24

It's just that you should belong to the ladies' aid, not the cops. You're not my deputy because you're so good. It's because the others are so bad," I said, grinning at him again. Then I strapped on my gun again. "I'm going for some chow. If anything comes up that you can't handle, I'll be across the square at the Red Apple."

The restaurant was almost directly across from the jail, one of a string of buildings that had grown up around the square in Santo del Rio. Back in the days of the conquistadors, the jail had been built as a fort by the Spaniards. It had been called El Sentinel—The Sentry—for as long as I could remember. Back in those days, the Indians and Spaniards bartered in the quadrangle in front of the fort at just about the same spot the Red Apple was. The Spaniards had made sure the square in front of the fort was always wide open to make it easier to blow attackers to kingdom come. It was built to last, of sandstone and oak and heavy red tiles for the roof.

When I walked into the Red Apple and plumped down at a table in the cool shadows, I saw two punky kids in blue jeans sitting at another table with a squad of empty beer bottles standing beside their plates with the plucked T-bones.

Rose came over to take my order. I liked Rose. She was a bouncy little brunette, woman enough for any man. If I'd ever married again, I'd have liked someone like Rose. I said "Hiya."

Her eyes were dancing brown and she swung right into me. "I hear you got another public enemy this morning." She was ready to jump down my throat, but I didn't give her the chance. I asked instead, "Who are the kids with the beer?"

"Why, for God's sake? They haven't done anything. Do you have to know everything? Should I tell you every time I powder my nose?"

I liked her, mad. "I'll bet I could find a reason to lock them up—a gun or a knife maybe. Nobody in Santo del Rio is working, yet they have money for beer and steak. Where'd they get it?" I said loud enough so they could hear.

They sneered and smiled at each other. They finished their beer in deliberate sips. When they paid and left, one with a slack jaw and pachuco haircut made an obscene gesture with his hand in the crook of his elbow. I was out on the street after them in two seconds and had them by their collars before they reached the corner.

I made them lean with the palms of their hands against a building. One man can search a bunch of guys like that and

(Continued on page 58)

WE ARE PROOF IT IS POSSIBLE TO GROW HAIR AGAIN, when roots are still alive!

Thanks to the Brandenfels System...

Smiling Mrs. Frances M. Harris, overseas radio-telephone operator, proves that the Brandenfels System may be successfully used by women.

Don Nagle, salesman: "Just to have stopped excessive hair loss is wonderful. Now my hair is filling in where it had been sparse for years."

Al Liefson, grocer, was one of a group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic pictures shown below.

Addresses of any of these successful Brandenfels users sent on request.

You would never guess that Eldon Beerbower, who has a full head of hair today, looked like the lad in the picture he's holding—but he did!

Air force doctors were unable to help Oliva Witikka when he lost his hair. But it did regrow with use of Brandenfels Applications and Massage!

Hair regrowth for Ray Smith, strawberry rancher, was so marked after almost 20 years of near baldness that friends could hardly believe it.



HERE'S HOPE FOR THE BALD and BALDING!

This is proof you can see with your own eyes! Unretouched photographs of the heads of 6 men and women (out of thousands) who have regrown hair with the Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and unique massage method! Whatever your age, whatever the bald or balding condition of your scalp you owe it to yourself to try the

Brandenfels System. The proof you see here is confirmed by scientific medical tests showing that, even on totally bald people, hair roots may be alive. The important thing is to do something about it NOW—before it is too late, before all life in hair roots is gone. You may be able to achieve benefits with the Brandenfels System. Write today!

20,059 letters report 1 to 4 benefits

From every state, and from all over the world have come 20,059 letters and reports to Carl Brandenfels (CPA audit) telling of these 1 to 4 benefits:

- Renewed Hair Growth**
- Relief of Dandruff Scale**
- Less Excessive Falling Hair**
- Improved Scalp Conditions**

Maybe you can draw a parallel between some of these experiences and your own case!

I never thought my hair would grow again. After using my first set of Brandenfels my hair began to grow. Everyone was amazed."

—Henry Bergues

My dandruff scale has disappeared and I have stopped losing my hair. I also find light, fine new hair on the thin spots and my head does not itch any more."

—Norman Forsberg

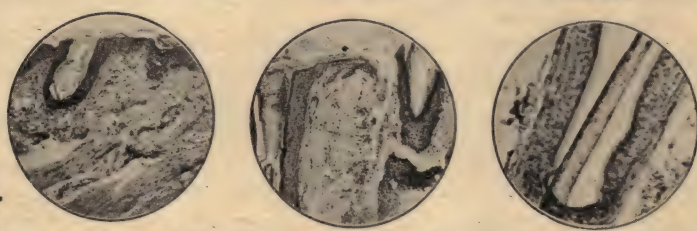
"I was afraid to comb my hair before using your formulas, it fell out so fast. My scalp was covered with a hard crust and I had so much dandruff scale my head itched unbearably. After applying your formulas, my hair stopped falling excessively and the hard crust disappeared."

—John Kalamant

"I have fine, new hair growth all over my previously bald scalp."

—Charles M. Kawasaki

PICTURES SHOW NATURE'S MIRACLE — HAIR REGROWTH



These microscopic pictures show enlarged sections of scalp of a test group and vividly portray the condition of the hair root and follicle before, during and after use of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Dilative Action Massage. Medical analysis of this picture is: 1) blunted hair follicle; 2) follicle tipped to one side; 3) flabby tissue; 4) presence of wandering cells; 5) fewer normal cells; 6) follicle opening plugged with sebaceous gum and scaly skin layers; 7) presence of scar tissue.

24 weeks after beginning use of the Brandenfels System this picture was interpreted by the doctors as follows: 1) hair follicle less distorted; 2) fewer wandering cells; 3) increased number of normal cells; 4) less scar tissue; 5) firmer tissue; 6) scaly skin layer disappearing; 7) rebirth of tiny hair in follicle.

Now, after regrowth of hair, the doctors made this microscopic photo which shows: 1) follicle more vigorous; 2) follicle increasing in size; 3) more numerous normal cells; 4) hair shaft wider and more extended; 5) scaly skin layer and sebaceous plug eliminated; 6) follicle again producing hair.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME... NO EXPENSIVE OFFICE CALLS... DON'T PUT IT OFF...

If you have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, a tight, itching scalp, a rapidly receding hair line, or any unhealthy scalp condition. DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions RIGHT IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. He emphatically believes, however, that his formulas and unique pressure will bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp that in many

cases helps nature grow hair. YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial. Brandenfels' wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous and they will not rub off on bed linen, or hot bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use. Your scalp always F-E-E-L-S so good after their use. Enclose \$18.00 (includes Federal tax, postage, mailing). For U. S. or APO or FPO air shipments add \$2.00 (total \$20.00). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

BALDNESS MAY BEGIN TWO YEARS BEFORE YOUR FRIENDS NOTICE... ACT NOW
If you—or anyone in your family—have already become bald, or are losing hair rapidly, SEND TODAY, for five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage, with complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use. Send the coupon below RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, every day you wait may make your problem more difficult. ACT NOW!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY BEFORE YOU MISPLACE IT!

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

- ☐ I enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.
- ☐ I enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
- ☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the \$18.00 plus postal charges.

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Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

SG-25

IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

- ☐ Excessively Falling Hair
- ☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
- ☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
- ☐ Alopecia

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Easily applied without waste from new plastic squeezeable and non-breakable bottles. Convenient for traveling.

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THIS PROBLEM, PASS THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE ON TO A FRIEND

MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

To men of middle age or past this type of inflammation occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such inflammation causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possibly incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken before malignancy has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Inflammation. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

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The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Institute are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Competent Doctors.

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

The Excelsior Institute is devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and a new zest in life.

EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here, Our Doctors who are experienced specialists, make a complete examination. Your condition is frankly explained to you with the cost of treatment you need. You then decide if you will take the treatments needed. Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary—a considerable saving in expense.

RECTAL COLON

Are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. We can treat these for you at the same time.

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The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that is fully illustrated and deals with diseases peculiar to men. It gives factual knowledge and could prove of utmost importance to your future life. Write today for a copy of this important Book.

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(Continued from page 56)

they can't gang up on him. They're off balance and if they try to run, a kick knocks their feet out from under them. I frisked their jeans and found only change from a 20. Longhair whimpered that they'd saved it from working on a farm in the valley. They were OK. I was going to let them go when Longhair tried to run and wound up on his face, rubbing a raw scrape with his wrist.

"It's your own fault," I said. "I was going to let you go anyway because you're clean. Next time don't get so wise with a cop. Now beat it." They bolted again and I went back inside.

Rose was steaming. "That was mean and you were wrong."

"It wasn't mean. I'm a cop and even a cop can be wrong."

"I'm not so sure I like you any more. Why don't you chase burglars instead of little boys and guys with three kids?"

I took my time about ordering and grinned again, knowing she'd get madder because of the delay.

Between the time I finished lunch and sign-off time that night, I heard about the guy with the knife half a dozen times. My stock wasn't going up any, but, until someone got rid of me, that's the way things were going to be. I checked the cells, left instructions for the night man, and drove home.

I was reading the paper when the night man called. He sounded like he was going to cry. "You have to come down, Sheriff. It's terrible. Your . . . a woman's been killed."

I had the phone cradled in my shoulder as I buckled on my gun belt again. "Who's been killed? Who did it?" I was shouting. Then I heard the same hollow noise you hear when you put your ear to a sea shell and I knew he was cupping the phone, but I could still hear him. "He's asking who it is. What'll I say?" his muffled voice asked.

"Cut out this crap and answer me straight or I'll can you," I bellowed at the mouthpiece.

"It's your sister. A guy broke in and killed her."

I rubbed my ear, not sure of what I heard. "Who do you mean? Anna Wolpert, my sister?" I asked.

"For God's sake, Sheriff, will you come down? That's who it is. We got the guy climbing out her window."

I didn't know whether I was dreaming or whether I'd been clobbered over the head with a sledge. I wanted to kick the deputy in the face for playing rotten jokes, but I knew he wasn't. Then I wanted to twist the neck of the guy until he hurt as much as he'd hurt Anna. Poor, gray Anna had never hurt a mouse. She'd married, raised kids and grown old gracefully—

Then I sat down and cried like a baby. Nobody was going to see me busted up. I was going to cry all my tears just once and then face the man who killed her and do everything in my power to see him in the gas chamber. I wished I wasn't a law man for one minute so I could kick him where it hurts a man most.

He was a slope-shouldered, bald guy with pop eyes and no teeth. I guessed he

was no canner because he didn't wear jeans and a wide belt with brass studs like the rest of them did. He was cowed in a circle of my deputies.

"What's your name?" I asked, hating his mealy guts more every second.

"McCandless. Ben McCandless. You won't do anything to me just because she was your sister, will you, Sheriff? I'll get a square shake, won't I?" He wanted a square shake!

"What were you doing in my sister's house? Answer straight."

"I bummed down from Sacramento figurin' maybe I could get work. I needed some dough to get back to Sac, so I picked her house—only because it didn't look like there was anyone home. I didn't want no trouble, but she was there and got all excited and screamed as how she would call her brother, so I got scared and hit her." He was licking his lips, looking from one man to the next.

Everybody looked at me. If I'd shot him then and there, not one man would have stopped me. I didn't answer McCandless.

"Get the DA and a steno so we can take statements from this guy. Then get him out of my sight before I kill him. Where's Anna now?" I sighed.

Someone said the morgue. "That's a hell of a place for my sister," I choked. "Poor Anna. I've got to take her home. Is she beat up bad?"

The boys tried to make me feel good. "Naw, Duff, the undertaker'll fix her up real good. He didn't hurt her face none at all," said old Ben Hibley.

That's good, I thought. It was good they got McCandless, too. I could short-circuit my emotions on anything but a guy like that getting away with murder—anybody's murder.

THE family gathered for the funeral and everyone was real busted up about it; so bad, as a matter of fact, that some of the women fainted at the services. The men felt bad, too, but their faces didn't show it. The men in our family never let anyone see them cry. I was standing by a window, watching the mourners slip up to the coffin for a last prayer when Rose came in. I felt better then. Her eyes told me she wasn't mad anymore.

"I don't suppose there's anything I can do, is there, Duff?" she asked. I shook my head.

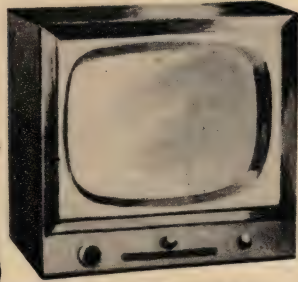
"I want to apologize for getting mad at you the other day," she said, "but honestly, you're inhuman sometimes. You have no mercy for anyone. What drives you, Duff?"

"God, doesn't Anna in her box make you see what? But it's not only that. I twist up inside whenever I see anyone trying to pull anything that'll hurt someone else. There's no room for little wrongs even, because they lead to big ones."

She was nodding. I went on. "I didn't think you'd understand. You never saw my Dad. He sat by a window for 15 years before he died, crippled from the waist down. He believed in talking good into people instead of using his fists. He got paid off with a slug in the spine from

(Continued on page 60)

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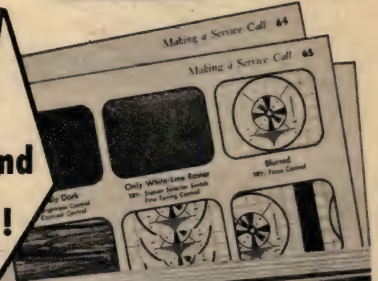
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(Continued from page 58)

some holdup man's gun. The worst part is, the bastard got away. When I joined the cops, I made up my mind no one was going to get away with anything."

"I guess that explains a lot of things, Duff. I'd heard about that . . ." She was choked off in the middle of the sentence by Josh, one of my deputies. He'd slipped in as quiet as a second, but you couldn't miss him. His face looked white on white.

"Better hop down to the jail, Duffy," he pleaded. "There's no trouble yet, but there's an awful lot of 'people hangin' around the jail. They look like they want him."

My brother didn't understand why I had to leave the funeral to go to work, but he didn't get a chance to argue because I was through the door with Josh dragging his heels behind me. There were about 300 of them—all ages, both sexes—in front of El Sentinel when we barreled to the side of the square and stopped the Ford. I wanted to look them over.

"They're good-natured enough," Josh said, "but I'd hate to trust them without you here. What'll we do if they try to lynch him? I'm scared, Duff."

No one had noticed us. After thinking for a few minutes, I said, "Okay, Josh, we'll let 'em know who's boss. I'll drive, and you ride the siren button and hope to hell they get out of the way."

The siren exploded in their ears and they jumped back like falling dominoes when I gunned the Ford to El Sentinel's steps. You could see everyone's face like it was daylight under the carbon arc lamps and they cast long shadows on the brown walls.

Gus had used his head and put three of the boys outside with clubs and three inside in reserve. There were about 20 cannery row characters leaning against the doorsill and sitting on the steps talking to Gus. The rest of them were laughing and roaming around the bluestone driveway that circled in front of the steps. They just seemed to be curious more than anything else. There was lots of kidding around.

A deputy passed his butts around. They seemed to jump into the fingers of the cannery row who'd been without money so long they couldn't afford many cigarettes.

Just across the square, the pushcart guy had become a popcorn tycoon 10 minutes after he rolled in with the oven tootling. Besides the cannery men, there were people like Bill Sorrento, the chief cashier at the Savings and Loan. There was my barber; there was Lenny, Rose's boss at the Red Apple. I saw the dry cleaner, the florist, a pair of laymen from church . . . all good, God-fearing people I'd known all my life in Santo del Rio . . . people who were above dragging a man out and killing him without a trial, even if he was guilty. These were the people who believed in the things I did. They hired me to make sure things like lynchings didn't happen, so why were they there?

Half a dozen younger men loafed at the bottom of the steps. They were drinking beer from cans. They were from better homes in Santo del Rio, kids who might someday be going off to college to study

law and medicine, kids separated socially from the cannery. Yet they were all in front of the jail like brothers.

Four women stood under one arc lamp with their heads bobbing in at the center of their small circle, tongues wagging like the wash in their own back yards where they belonged. Two teenage girls were perched on a car fender giving the boys a good look at their knees. I would have run them home and let them pull that stuff on their fathers any other night.

Gus was pacing and licking his lips. His shirt was soggy like blue taffy on his back and his fingers pasted with grime where they gripped the club. The neat blues of the other deputies weren't quite so bad but the dust swirling under the arc lights was sticking to their shirts, too. The heat from the day hadn't let up and, with all the people in the courtyard, it smelled like a locker room on fight night.

Gus was jumpy—nasty jumpy. "How does it feel, Duff? You're on a spot now. Your sister's killer is inside. A mob, half made up of your friends, is outside and you're in between. They're just nosy now, but what'll you do if they want him? We'll see how tough you are then."

I WAS so disgusted with him I didn't answer. One deputy figured nervously, "Doesn't look like they'll do anything. Maybe if we don't look peeved, they'll go away."

If he had been calling signals, the murmur that marched through the crowd couldn't have been more perfectly timed to make a liar out of him. Eleven o'clock! Eleven o'clock! Everyone was mumbling eleven o'clock.

When I looked around again, we were standing alone on the steps. The kibitzers had just melted back down the steps into the crowd. "Get the boys inside," I ordered. As they fell back, one of the leaders weaved up the steps, tossing his beer can as he climbed. "C'mon, Sheriff, let us have him. We'll show him what happens to killers around here. You got no reason to keep him. Let us fix him for you," he said.

I pivoted on my left foot and could hear the concrete scrape under my shoe as I spun my weight around and landed a right in his face like a paving block. He flipped back three steps and landed on his behind in the crowd, spitting blood and teeth. There was a deep, ragged gash across three of my knuckles. Some of them were still laughing when he stood up sucking air through the gap where his teeth had been. There was more good-natured pushing from behind, and they started to move in on us still half kidding, yelling for McCandless.

They were feeling us out, inching slowly up the steps while we backed off just as slowly through the old oak doors. There was a sharp blast behind me, then a hiss and a pop. People in the rear started to shout, "Shooting—they're shooting."

Gus had exploded a tear-gas bomb. Two more deputies tore out the door with tear-gas sticks and let them loose at the first wave coming up the steps. One hit a man in the chest and he went backward, howling and gouging the stuff out of his

(Continued on page 62)

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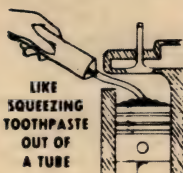
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(Continued from page 60)

eyes with his knuckles. I shoved two deputies through the door and slammed it shut. We slid the bar across it and I ran to the window. The bitter bluish gas flowed around the mob's feet and rose slowly. But they still cried and jeered and shook their fists at El Sentinel, and the first cries of "Lynch him!" jabbed through the crowd. "We'll get him, boys. We'll bring him out." From the other side, another chant went up: "Anna Wolpert... Anna Wolpert... Anna Wolpert..."

The noise was choked off when Gus fired more tear gas out the window. Three more charges *poomed* in the courtyard and the smoke, blue and lazy, floated in the lights like cigarette smoke in a crowded bar.

They ran, stumbling and crying, with handkerchiefs and shirts thrown over their eyes. The popcorn wagon spilled white puffs on the street as it turned over in the rush. The bluestone drive was deserted except for smoke and footprints.

"There they go," Gus said.

"They'll be back. Have the gas ready," I barked. Then, just as I said it, they started inching back across the square as the smoke fizzled. Someone threw a rock. Then more rocks.

A minute later there was a steady shower of rocks beating the wall outside. Most splattered on the ancient stone. Some bonged and clunked on the bars, but each time one smashed a window, they roared as loud as their 300 throats would let them. They were ripping cobbles from the street and raiding the piles of bricks near a row of stores being built nearby. You couldn't have crossed that yard in anything less than a tank.

"How much gas left?" I snapped, peering through the splinters of a window.

"Six."

SILENCE—then Gus: "What'll we do when we're out of gas, Duff?"

"You've got clubs. Use 'em. That's why you're cops."

Gus looked at the others. They all seemed to nod at once. They wanted him to say what they were thinking. "Don't be an ass, Duff. Clubs won't stop 'em, and we wouldn't hurt 'em anyway. They're our friends, Duffy. Let them have him. They'll take him even if they have to kill us."

Then the wail came from the cell block. "No, Sheriff, don't let them, please. I've wet myself..." The bricks splattered louder and I had Gus fire two more bombs out the window.

"I'll club the first man who tries to leave here. I haven't forgotten what I have to do even if you have." I was shoving a sleeve of shells into a carbine, but I shuddered as I did it. A carbine for my friends? For youngsters who were doing no more harm than throwing bricks? A carbine for women with babies? Keerist, have they all gone spooky? Can't they see they can't do things this way?

Gus was blubbering. "Duffy, for God's sake, put that gun down. The bastard killed your own sister. You can't kill your friends now because they want to kill him. He'll get the gas chamber anyway."

I had no answer for him. In rage, I shouted, "More gas!" Nobody moved.

"Gimme that thing. I'll use the gas," I bellowed. Then I saw it: a squad of young kids was moving up in double file. They were wrestling with a five-inch iron pipe that must have weighed 500 pounds. There were about 35 of them on it. I put the carbine down and landed two more sticks right in front of them. They dropped the pipe and scattered. Four bombs left.

Gus was on my back again. "He killed your own sister, Duff. If it were me, I'd hate him so much, I'd be glad to let them have him. There ain't no laws to cover this thing."

I snapped back. "They can't have him. It's not the way. Nothing will mean anything anymore if we let them do it. No bunch of punks is going to make me do it." I wasted the last four bombs in a fury.

"Gone. What'll we do now? How will we stop them?"

"I don't know. There must be some way." The carbine on the desk. I would gladly have fought all of them with my fists. I didn't care if I broke their jaws, but I couldn't use the carbine.

The blue gas thinned out in the breeze. The rammers tiptoed up to their pipe again with handkerchiefs covering their noses. They hesitated a second, and then the pipe flowed into their hands. They moved across the square like a giant centipede with a snout of iron, waiting to drop the pipe again when the gas came.

It must have gotten to them by telepathy that we didn't have any more gas. Suddenly they howled, "Ye-e-o-o-wa! We're coming!" Their legs quaked under the strain of the pipe and they wobbled across the square with clumsy steps. The others roared in at their heels.

They were throwing bricks with even more vengeance. One hit an arc light and they roared, "Get the other one!" They were picking up stones they'd already thrown once and throwing them again. The other arc winked out and in the dark they looked like figures on a blurred negative.

The first bite of steel into oak cracked splinters off the inside veneer. A couple of cars were pulled into the courtyard to play their headlights on the door.

Gus screamed then. "Let them have him, Duff!" Tears bobbed down his cheek. Three of the others were weeping, too, and unbuckling their gun belts.

The ram hit the door again. "God, tell me what to do," I muttered. Then Gus had me by the collar. "You have to let McCandless go. You have to do what they want. There ain't no laws to cover this. Forget you're a cop. Even *you* can't stop it," he screamed.

Gus said it and it was true. The way out for all of us was to let them rip McCandless apart. There was no law in that courtyard and it was best that I forget I was ever a cop.

It was true, but I wouldn't do it. I shook off Gus, grabbed the carbine and ran to the cell block. McCandless' cell was at the end. I could see the fracturing timbers on the door from there. I braced myself against his cell with my feet planted far apart. The bars drove my clammy shirt into my back. He was whimpering in his cell, clinging to the partition around the

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 62)

toilet. "Shuddup," I hollered at him and he was quiet.

A "up, two" and the big screws on the hinges of one door pinged across the room and the door fell in with a whack. The men couldn't stop the ram. The thing carried them across the hall and smashed the bars of the cell-block door like macaroni. The carbine was cradled in my arms. I yelled at them to stop.

"Go to hell. Bring him out!" they shouted, hot hands pushing the ruptured bars aside. I fired two shots into the ceiling. "He's bluffing. He wouldn't dare shoot us," someone shouted in the momentary hush that followed, and then they were squeezing forward. The ram was on the floor. The corridor was only about five feet wide and they got in each other's way.

I WAS still murmuring for God to make them stop when I dug the carbine into my hip and felt it buck as I squeezed the trigger.

The first guys were knocked backward like they'd been kicked. Squirts of blood followed the slugs out their shoulders and backs. The thing jammed into my hip again. They were hollering, "Shooting... shooting... stop!" Some tried to dig their heels into the floor and push back the mob behind them, but the pressure of hundreds of bodies shoved them forward. Others roaring at me with rage stumbled over the ones writhing on the floor and threw themselves all over me.

Someone rammed the butt of the gun through to my backbone and I felt something squash inside me. I was swinging at heads and spitting up dinner when the kick in the groin sent me down and I was on the floor. Heavy boots tore flesh off my face, caved in my ribs. My teeth were on

the tiles grinding into my face. I heard, "Kill the bastard! Give him what he gave them." They were screaming for doctors and passing the guys I'd wounded out over their heads. I was praying for unconsciousness. Two drunks in another cell were whining, "That's McCandless there. Don't take us."

There was another roar when they got the keys and they forgot me. Five of them busted into McCandless' cell and tore him from the john.

I could hardly see with both eyes puffed closed. He was blubbering, "I'm not McCandless," until one of them hit him in the mouth. "By God, you are," he roared.

He was frozen with fear when they dragged him back down the hall, supporting him on his rubber legs. His head bobbed and a noose dangled from his neck like a leash. Then the jail was quiet except for sobs coming from the office where we'd fired the gas on the mob.

Through the splintered door, I could see his body at the end of the rope, his eyes bulging and face blackening in the headlights and torches. He was naked. The rope twisted from side to side so everyone could see his face. Others were burning his clothes under a tree and chanting, "Anna Wolpert, Anna Wolpert," when I passed out.

It was still dark when I woke up. McCandless was still swinging in the moonlight. The two drunks were demanding to be let loose. I pulled myself up the bars and everything hurt. My clothes were bloody and my badge glinted on the floor. It had been ripped off my shirt.

I was squeezing my gut, thinking I'd die, as I dragged myself down the corridor and kept on walking until I was far away. I didn't bother to pick up my badge. It wasn't worth much, and besides, I'd never need it again. ♦♦♦





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before the Dutch suppressed headhunting.

Stegmaier had searched all the huts in the mountainside Madik village of Sainke Doek. He had found no heads or other evidence. He had even gone farther back in the hills and questioned the more remote and fiercer Kalaos Moi. He had drawn a complete blank.

"Nevertheless," I pointed out, handing back the report, "the fact remains that there are seven headless workmen on whom Spencer Johns has filed death claims for relatives. We're paying the claims but we're also canceling the project insurance."

Voltz shrugged his massive shoulders. I could see the fat of them dance under his sweat-damp shirt.

"What is one to do?" he demanded. "I cannot jail every Madik on suspicion of murder."

HE was throwing the ball right into my lap. That is where it often lands with an insurance company safety engineer in the field. It was up to me to do something about the deaths of those seven workmen. To safeguard against further tragedies among the several hundred employed on the project.

With a sigh I went back to the pasangrahan and picked up my luggage. Then I made tracks to the mainland and to the field construction office some 20 miles inland.

I found it in a sea of mud, a sago-palm-leaf-roofed affair on stilts which served as a combination field office and living quarters for Spencer Jones.

He was a thin, grim-faced Englishman, long burned out by fever and sun, a thoroughly competent engineer according to our records.

"Boot the cockroaches off the spare bunk and stow your gear there," he suggested.

He wasn't kidding either. About the roaches I mean. They were everywhere in the hot, steamy interior of the shack. They crawled along the floor and up the walls and they marched in droves across the ceiling.

"I had a Madik houseboy, Kafu," Jones informed me glumly, "but he took it over the hill early this morning after another headless body was discovered. Afraid of reprisal, I fancy. Most of our Amboinese and Papuan workmen seem to think that the Madiks are taking the heads."

"What do you think?" I asked bluntly.

"I don't know," he admitted frankly. "I'm as puzzled as the magistrate and the Bestuer Assistant. I'm only sure of one thing. Another of these ghastly shows and every last blasted native will walk off the

I HAD TO HUNT THEIR HEADS

Continued from page 23

project. They're all scared of their shadows now. Come on, I'll show you around."

We walked back to the right of way that was being carved out of the jungle for the highway and as I saw the men at work I thought to myself that here was one of the world's toughest road-building projects.

Crawling down from the coast over the partially graded road had been pretty revealing but it was a romp compared to what lay ahead. Deep, treacherously slimy sago swamps and thick jungle, heavily laced with green kankung vines and towering besa trees.

The besa trees were the worst. Deeply rooted and with wood that was almost as hard as pig iron, they defied removal. Too difficult to cut down, they resisted two and sometimes three blasts of dynamite before they could be toppled.

Accompanied by Powan, the Amboinese kapala, or foreman on the job, Jones introduced me to Ed Murphy, the explosives engineer, an old time Sea Bee. There was another American on the project too. Hank Yates, a 'dozer expert. "Our roommates," said Jones. "Yanks too. I'm outnumbered."

"I'd like to see the body of the man who was killed this morning," I suggested.

Jones looked at me oddly.

"We buried him about noon," he said soberly. "Bodies don't keep very well in this heat, you know. But if you insist on an inspection I'll have Powan dig him up. What's left of him."

"That won't be necessary," I assured Jones hastily. "Just show me where you found the body. I'll have to make a few notes for my report."

"Your report?" he asked coldly. "This latest death is my concern, not yours. Your company canceled all insurance as of last week."

"And I'm going to do my damndest to have it reinstated," I told him flatly.

COULDN'T blame the guy for being touchy. He had eight deaths on his hands now and a bunch of workmen with the jitters, ready to quit at the next alarm. If that happened Spencer Jones would be over a barrel. I suspected that the canny Dutch officials had put a forfeiture clause in his company's contract. They usually do. It would cost his company plenty if the project wasn't completed on schedule.

Jones and Powan led me to where the body had been found. It was at the most forward point in the right of way, virtually in virgin jungle. A gang of natives were working there with parangs cutting away kankung vines preparatory to Hank Yates' moving up with a dozer.

They were a scared-looking bunch. Most of them wore tattered khaki shorts

or loincloths. Nearly all of them had colorfully ornamented sweatbands around their foreheads, holding the thick black hair out of their dark eyes.

"You fella Narcosi," Powan called out. "Where you catchem one time Wimo?"

One of the natives trotted up to us. He wore a sweatband wound around with several turns of copper wire. He pointed to the left with his parang.

"Me catchem Wimo there," he said softly. "Without head."

I walked over and looked at the spot under a besa tree. Wimo had been cutting kankung there by himself, some distance from Narcosi.

"I hear boom and go see," he told me. "Find Wimo, no catchem head."

I nodded. On the face of it any slinking headhunter might have stalked the unfortunate Wimo without being detected. It would have been comparatively simple to lop off his head and disappear into the surrounding jungle with it before the alarm was raised.

BUT it was the "boom" which puzzled me. I couldn't make out from Narcosi whether he had heard a blast of dynamite exploding under a besa tree somewhere along the right of way or the crack of a rifle. I rather gathered the impression, though, that it hadn't been a very loud boom.

Something small and shiny on a nearby rock caught my eye. It was a piece of twisted copper about an inch and a half long. I put it into my pocket before re-joining Powan and Jones.

"Anyone around own a rifle?" I asked Jones.

"I do, a .30-30," he told me. "Why do you ask?"

"Narcosi heard a 'boom' a short time before finding the body," I told him.

"I think you're wandering up the garden path," Jones said. "A rifle bullet couldn't blow a man's head off. A 12-gauge shotgun slug might do it, I admit, but the head would not simply disappear."

"You've got plenty of argument there," I acknowledged.

You find a lot of queer things in the field that you never find in any manual of safety engineering. Juju is one of them. Not that I believe in black magic, you understand, although I have seen a lot of native stuff in my time which I cannot explain and never have attempted to find out about. I'm one of those tolerant guys who admits he can be fooled or hocus-pocused and lets it go at that.

When we sat down to dinner that evening, however, the four of us, Jones, Murphy, Yates and myself, began discussing the mystery of those eight headless bodies and the talk gradually swung around to juju. Both Jones and Murphy had been in the East Indies for a long time and were of the opinion that the New Guinea brand of juju was pretty potent.

"The Madiks all believe in it," Jones remarked. "Our houseboy, Kafu, for instance, was always afraid that some chappie or other would snatch his soul away."

"Maybe he hacked off the heads of those eight guys," Murphy suggested. "Maybe he was afraid they were going to

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MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

steal his soul like Jones said and he beat 'em to the punch. After all, his kinfolks were headhunters from 'way back."

Jones looked thoughtful. He slowly shook his head.

"I wouldn't go that far," he said. "Kafu was a good lad. But perhaps there is an outbreak of some sort of juju ritual murder at the bottom of all this. What's your theory, Rocheck?"

By this time I didn't have any. Or maybe I had too damn many of 'em. I told him so bluntly.

TOSSING around on my cockroach-infested bunk that night I tried to think the whole thing over sanely. Back in Hartford, if I mentioned juju to Macleod, or to some of my safety engineer friends with The Travelers or Aetna I'd be laughed right out of the dignified Heublein bar. But here it was very real, as almost anyone who saw service in the South Pacific probably remembers.

The more I pondered over it the more my thoughts circled back to the same conclusion. Eight heads apparently had been quickly and crudely hacked off. This did not seem like the work of Madik headhunters and maybe it would be a mistake to try to pin it on them. Both Magistrate Voltz and Bestuer Assistant Stegmaier were rather positive about this and I was inclined to go along with them.

To find the answer you've got to find those heads, Rocheck, I thought to myself, and you'd better get right on the ball.

The next morning I sought out Powan, the kapala. He was bossing a mixed labor gang of Amboinese and Papuans. I asked him bluntly if he knew of any blood feuds among the natives or could think of any reason why some of 'em would try to sabotage the project.

"No, tuan," he told me. "No Amboinese would stoop to taking heads. Our people are more clever. To kill an enemy we sprinkle the powdered bark of the kwi tree lightly on the sleeping man's head. Then we wish him to death when and where we will."

"Sounds pretty subtle," I agreed. "What about the Papuans in the labor gang, parang boys like Narcosi and the others?"

"Some Papuans have taken heads like the Madiks," he said. "But not these boys. They are all good boys."

I'm getting nowhere fast with this guy, I thought to myself.

I wandered forward along the right of way to the spot where Wimo's body had been found. I thought I'd take another look around on my own.

It had become a busy place. The kankung vine cutters had moved on deeper into the jungle. Where they had been working yesterday, Ed Murphy was now bossing a crew of natives with earth augers. They were boring under the great roots of the besa tree preparatory to blasting.

"We're going to pack in plenty of dyno," Murphy told me, eyeing the big tree like it was a personal enemy. "Then I'll have to shoot again. These damn besas are so hard they won't float in water. Stick around and see."

I waited around with him while he blasted. He was right. The first blast dug a hole at the base of the tree and partially

splintered the lower trunk. The tree itself remained standing.

"See what I mean?" Murphy said as he ordered the earth augers back to work.

I went forward to take a closer look. On the ground near the besa I stepped on a small whitish object which I first mistook for a piece of splintered wood. When I picked it up, however, I saw that it was not wood but bone. And from the curve of it I realized with a shock that it might be a piece of human skull.

Where could this have come from, I thought to myself, and almost immediately I guessed the answer. From somewhere up in the besa tree above. Shaken out of it by the blast.

I stared up the side of the tree, along the great trunk. Then I let out a yell for Murphy that brought him on the double.

"What gives, Rocheck?" he asked. "You gone nuts or something?"

"Maybe," I said excitedly, and I pointed upwards. "Know what that gray stuff is, plastered to the trunk about 18 feet up?"

"No telling," he said, staring at the grisly exhibit. "What is it?"

"Splattered human brains," I told him. "Wimo's brains. And this is what remains of Wimo's missing head. It was blasted off his body!"

Murphy inspected the small piece of bone I handed him critically.

"It looks like skull bone all right," he acknowledged. "And maybe along with that gray stuff up there it's part of Wimo's head. But it doesn't add up. We didn't fire a stick of dyno here until a little while ago. You were here yourself."

"But Narcosi said he heard a 'boom' yesterday morning shortly before he found the headless body," I pointed out.

Murphy shrugged. "Even if he did," he told me, "you've been around dyno long enough to know it doesn't act that way. You can't blast a guy's head clean off his body even if you try."

He had me stopped there. But I still was almost certain that Wimo had been killed by some sort of a blast, baffling as it sounded.

I dropped the piece of bone into my pocket beside the small piece of copper I had found the day before. I hiked on into the jungle until I located Narcosi among the spread-out kankung cutters. I had another lead which I was determined to follow through.

"Where did you get that wire?" I asked Narcosi, pointing to the copper strands wound around his sweatband.

He grinned, showing a mouthful of big white teeth as he proudly patted the ornament on his forehead.

"Wimo give," he told me. "He catchem more plenty time."

"Like this?" I asked and showed him the piece of copper I had been carrying around in my pocket.

He nodded and grinned again. "Wimo wear on slika all same Hunso and other fella boy."

"You take me to Hunso," I ordered. "Right now."

He tucked his parang into the crook of his arm and led the way, moving off through the jungle to the right. We passed several cutters who eyed me curiously.

Then Narcosi stopped and pointed at the broad back of a Papuan working in a thick tangle of kankung vines.

"He Hunso," he announced, walking up and jabbing the man in the back with a finger to make sure I wouldn't make any mistake about it.

Hunso looked around and when he did I saw something attached to his sweatband which made me turn pale. The "ornament" he wore on it on the middle of his forehead was a detonator.

"Lord Almighty!" I muttered to myself.

Why the damn thing hadn't gone up before, blowing his head to pieces as in the case of Wimo and the others, I can only guess. Sheer luck, perhaps. In any event his head was still intact and attached to his body.

"Where did you get this?" I demanded as I took it from him gingerly.

"Wimo," he said sadly as he watched me appropriate his precious ornament.

I brought the detonator back to Ed Murphy still attached to the sweatband. He was a very surprised guy.

"St. Peter in the foothills," he said. "So that's what happened to 'em. I've been missing 'em from the explosives shed for weeks. Any idea who stole 'em?"

"Wimo," I told him grimly. "How many detonators were stolen?"

"Nine," he said. "It must have happened that night I forgot to lock the explosives shed. Some guys will cop anything."

I nodded. Thank heaven, I thought to myself, all of the deadly detonators were now accounted for with the finding of the ninth one.

BUT there was still another accounting which I had to make. With the guy in charge, Spencer Jones.

"I'm going to recommend that the project risk insurance be reinstated," I informed him, when I located him brooding over a survey map in the field office. "Providing, of course that the explosives shed is kept locked from now on. Also I hope you'll be more cooperative in the future."

He looked at me indignantly. "You have had full cooperation," he said. "What more could I have done?"

"You let Alan Macleod back in our home office believe these deaths were due to headhunters," I pointed out. "To use your own expression, you tried to lead us up the garden path. You saw all the bodies. You knew damn well that no knife could have done as ghastly a job as that."

He was silent then for a long time. Maybe waiting for me to cool off a bit. Before he spoke again he heaved a deep sigh.

"Laddie," he said, "I never did use the word 'headhunters.' That was Macleod's interpretation of the headless bodies. And the magistrate's as well as yours.

"To me, frankly, those corpses all looked as though their heads had been torn from their bodies by enormously powerful hands. Like a savage Kalaos Moi tears off a chicken head. But what would anybody have thought if I wrote that down in my report?"

"That you were stark raving mad," I told him. ♦♦♦



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and get cracked on the back of the head with a rabbit punch. My two reporter friends were swinging in the middle, a little blurred out by all the action.

And I was watching, feeling real skinny, the way I always do when there's a fight. I felt a little insulted that nobody thought I was big enough to hit, but not too insulted. I saw Anne Robertson, still shaking, off to the side. She called me. I held her up against the car so she could take a picture.

I liked it behind the car. When Anne had her picture, I looked out and saw how slow the state troopers were in walking toward the brawl. I felt real safe though, and I flipped on my tape recorder and started to announce. Watching the fight, I told my "audience" about the election and the high-wire tension and the catcalls and the fist fight in front of me. Soon I was pouring out my heart how I felt about Phenix City altogether, getting it all on tape into the microphone. I felt giddy behind the car, being so near a scene of violence and yet so safe. It was like watching a TV fight.

And then I wasn't safe any more.

From the fight, a big guy with blood on his hands spotted me. He dropped the guy he was holding and came toward me, shaking his fist and yelling. At first I wasn't sure he meant me, but when he said, "GET THE RADIO MAN, GET THE RADIO MAN," I knew I was in trouble.

He was roaring on top of the whole crowd and walking toward me. I remembered him from the courthouse crowd,

even remembered his name, which was funny—Ernest Youngblood. Most of all I remembered his smell. He was always drinking coffee, and I swear to God, he smelled like coffee grounds. He was walking toward me, looking me straight in the eye. Then he was running, picking up speed, the way only big heavy guys with fat thighs can run. There's no place to hide from them. They take up too much room.

"GET THE RADIO GUY," he was yelling. He came running at me like a garbage truck full of coffee grounds. And then he was on top of me and I was busy making myself real small when I felt the fist. It caught me under one eye. My eyes are rather large, and the one that was hit seemed to jiggle around in its socket. The fist must have covered a lot of territory because my tongue started to grow fat and fill up my whole head. On the way down, I caught a second hammer on the base of my neck. I went down lightly, gracefully, and crushed my beautiful tape recorder as I fell backward on it. It creased into my ribs. He stood over me, working my face beautifully until my neck got real loose and I could hear snaps inside it. "RADIO-MAN, RADIOMAN," he was yelling in my ear.

A fat knee started for my ribs, but I only caught a mild version of it in my belly. The cops had him, and they took him away, still yelling how little I was and still smelling like a terrible pile of coffee grounds.

Once the troopers got around to breaking it up, the riot petered out. I got a

summons to prefer charges in court. For my trouble. When I went to court with Anne, Tom, and Ray, there was no Youngblood. We went back the next day, and he still wasn't there. He stayed home. Changing my face and body around and smashing my equipment cost him \$8.40 as a fine plus court costs, the staggering total of about \$25. The Mayor caught me the next day and said, "We didn't mean to get you, Phil. We were out to get those two *Ledger* reporters. We didn't mean to hurt you at all."

That made me feel all warm inside. I went to a nerve doctor, right in the same building in front of which I got beat up. The blue bruises stayed around for a long time on my face and on my neck, and in a day or two, for some strange reason, I thought it best to pack up and get out of Phenix City.

The criminal city administration won that round. The RBA took a beating. In the street and in the polls. What's going on down there with the martial rule makes me feel good, and yet it makes me feel bad. Good because the efforts of the RBA and Patterson weren't wasted. Bad, because I think I know Phenix City, and it's a hard town to scrub down. The heat's on now, but it's been on before. Ever since 1833 and up through World War II when General Patton swore he'd move in and clean out PC with tanks. As I say, it's a hard city to scrub down. The vice seems to run too deep. Maybe they can never clean it up. I've got friends who are betting that way. It'll be interesting to see. ♦♦♦

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tough. Youngsters make mistakes and mistakes cost you ball games. Sometimes it's hard to take. But I have always tried not to show it or to rave in front of them after a tough game has been lost. I feel it's better to wait until the next day, giving yourself a night to think it over before talking to the players. This is tough on the manager and many a night you go up to your room determined to get a good night's sleep and forget the ball game. It isn't that easy, however. You lie in bed wondering how you can straighten out the club or help some individual player.

I've discovered the best sedative for me is to do some light reading, such as a "Western shooting" magazine. I read this until my eyes get drowsy, then turn off the light and think of what I've read instead of the afternoon's misfortunes at the ball park. Sometimes even this doesn't work, so I may call my coaches on the 'phone. I'm fortunate in having three conscientious men in Clyde Sukeforth, John Fitzpatrick and Sam Narron. They usually come up to my room and we reach a consensus of opinion on what is best for the club. These meetings sometimes end very early in the morning.

I've mentioned the extreme youth on the Pittsburgh club. One of the reasons we lose so many games is not that the other club beats us. It's that we beat ourselves. Sometimes the boys overhustle. They try too hard because they're fighting to win. In their anxiety they make plays that beat themselves. The same thing holds true of the games an eighth place club wins; most of these wins come from the other fellows' mistakes.

THE more experienced clubs in the league play us trying to stay even, figuring sooner or later we'll beat ourselves. For instance, one day Birdie Tebbets, the Cincinnati manager, felt that our right-hand hitters were not as strong as our left-hand hitters, so we warmed up a right-hander and a left-hander before the game. He started the right-hander, Bud Podbielan, and let Bud pitch to one batter. Then he removed him and brought in Joe Nuxhall, the left-hander. That meant I'd have all my left-hand hitters in the game against left-hand pitching. Well, the Reds went on to win that one. But it doesn't always work out that way and there are times when that strategy backfires.

During training season I try to mingle with the players—find out their hobbies, talk with them about their families and their future plans and get as much information on each individual as possible. This comes in handy later in the season, as I feel each player is an individual case. I never like to talk collectively with the team; I feel you can get better results

I LOSE 102 1/2 GAMES A YEAR

Continued from page 38

talking to players individually. Sometimes these talks give you an insight on how to get the desired reaction from the player.

THIS past summer we were losing a tough ball game. It was in Milwaukee and Warren Spahn, their great left-hander, was pitching against us. The score was 2-1 and we had three opportunities to score with a runner on third base and one out. Each time we failed to get the run across the plate. Each time the second out had been made by one of our outfielders. In the ninth inning this same fellow came up for the fourth time... tying run on third and one out. A fly ball would tie up the game. But again the player failed.

Going into the clubhouse everyone was burned up about losing, but I was hardly prepared for what I saw. Sitting in front of his locker was this boy who had failed four times to drive a run in from third base. He had a Spanish novel in one hand and a Spanish-to-English dictionary in his other hand. He was busy reading the thing. I took one look at him and started to say something, because I was ready to do some tall raving. I'm glad I waited and didn't blow up.

The next day I called the boy up to my room for a chat. I explained how bad it looked for him to be reading a book after losing such a tough game.

"I felt worse about it than anybody on the club," the boy answered, "because I knew I'd failed four times to tie or win that game. I had to do something because I would have looked like a baby in front of the gang. I felt so bad I was going to cry." Then I thought about myself reading those Western magazines, and I was happy I'd had a nice talk with the boy and straightened us both out.

As I said before, each player is an individual problem. We have another boy who has played only one year of baseball. That was in a minor league where they played all their games at night. I started him in left-field one afternoon in Brooklyn, never realizing that the kid had never used sun-glasses in his life. Well, in the second inning he lost two fly balls that resulted in a five-run inning against us. I thought both balls were going to hit him square on the head. When the inning was over the disheartened boy came over to me and said, "Skip, I just can't see with these glasses on." "Okay, son," I said. "I'm glad you told me. I belong to the Allegheny Safety Council. They just presented the club with a plaque the other day, so I think I had better take you out before you get hurt."

Now, this boy has got a chance to be a great ball player. He is very aggressive with a bat in his hand, but because of that sun incident, I believe he lost confidence in himself as a fielder. It's going

to take a lot of work to bring him back where he can be as aggressive in the outfield as he is at the plate. When that happens he's going to be a very valuable player.

We had another boy who was just out of college. In his first professional game we were about five runs behind. Our first hitter in the fourth inning walked on four pitched balls, and this boy stepped up to the plate. I was coaching and gave him the "take" sign, which means not to swing at the ball. My bet was that the pitcher would also walk him. But he swung at the first ball, and a double-play resulted.

After the game I sidled over to him and told him it was bad baseball to hit in a spot like that. I also reminded him that he'd missed the "take" sign. The boy looked like he was in a state of shock.

"Coach," he said, with a sincere note in his voice, "I don't know much about that 'take' stuff. You and I are going to have to go into that."

Of course, there are times that a little by-play takes the load and tension off a fellow. For instance, one day when we were playing the Giants I discovered that Herman Franks, the Giant third base coach, had drawn a tick tack toe game in the coaching box. First he x-ed one of the spots. Then when I came out to coach I put a zero in another spot with my spikes. The next inning Franks put his "x" in another place, and I carved in my zero to block him.

Now, the Giants had been leading up to this point. But in our half of the inning, we scored a cluster of runs and went ahead. When I came out, the tick tack toe game had been erased. I gazed into the Giant dugout and yelled at Franks: "You're a front-runner—you won't play when you get behind!" This may sound like kids' stuff—and it is—but it's things like this that help a little bit when you go through a long dreary season only winning a few ball games.

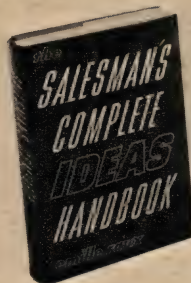
I told you about the outfielder who lost two routine fly balls in the sun. Well, maybe that same sun will start shining on all the Pirates one of these days. When it does, it's going to make us forget all the tough things that we've gone through to try to bring a contender into Pittsburgh. It's been tough on Mr. Rickey and the entire office personnel—it's been tough on the fans. But I think they appreciate what we've been up against and are just as anxious as we are for that winning team.

I don't like losing over 100 games a year. I'd much prefer to be winning 100. But from a managerial standpoint you would have the same headache with a winning team that you have with a losing team, only you'd get a little more satisfaction out of winning.

When I took this job Mr. Rickey said, "It's going to be tough."

It has been tough—all the way. But I'm not a quitter. I'm going to be back next year. I still have the same confidence and respect in Mr. Rickey's judgment of young ball players.

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which meant that the fire wasn't actually in our town but just over the line in Mt. Savage, and it had to be a big one or we wouldn't have been called on for help.

I don't live far from the fire house so I was able to hop on the pumper, along with a few other volunteers, for the seven-minute run to Mt. Savage. You didn't need directions to the blaze—you could see it from a mile away, ugly red in the night.

By the time we got there, the Mt. Savage volunteers had their hoses trained on the fire and were pouring water on it as fast as their pumps would allow. But it was like spitting into a volcano. Tongues of flame shot out of the windows of the house, licking at the shingles, and smoke flecked with sparks billowed into the livid night. We had no chance of saving the house; we had to fight to keep the neighboring houses from going up.

Like the other men on our pumper, my attention was riveted on the fire, and not until I heard the clang of an approaching ambulance did I glance around and notice, off to one side, three figures lying on the ground. Later I learned that the three were youngsters—Shirley and Ronald McKenzie, 14-year-old twins, and 12-year-old Constance McKenzie. They had leaped from the burning building and were overcome by smoke and shock, although they weren't seriously burned.

It took three hours for the fire to burn itself out. When it had, nothing remained of the McKenzie home except the stone front steps and some charred timber. We couldn't dig into the ruins yet, however, because they needed another hour's wetting down, so we tried to learn what we could from the neighbors.

A MR. WATKINS, who lived two doors away, was quite sure that Mrs. Hannah McKenzie had been in the house with the children. "She'd never have left them there alone," he said, shaking his head. "And what about the baby? Wasn't Hannah taking care of her baby granddaughter, too?"

As we found out, she was. Hannah McKenzie, for three years a widow, had been taking care of her married son's three older children and her married daughter's 18-month-old daughter. It seemed almost certain that Hannah McKenzie and her infant granddaughter had died in the fire.

This had been no normal fire. It had begun with an explosion that rocked the entire neighborhood, shattering windows and sending pictures and mirrors crash-

NOTHING LEFT TO BURY

Continued from page 37

ing to the floor. Mrs. McKenzie and the baby had probably been caught in the first blast.

Watkins told us that Hannah McKenzie had just had a new heating system installed in her home. "Paid quite a penny for it," he said. "They took out the coal furnace and all her plumbing, and they put in an oil burner—one of these hot-air heaters. Hannah wasn't very happy with it. Said the place was either too hot or too cold, and she was afraid the burner would blow up on her some day." He looked around quizzically. "Did it?"

AT that moment, we couldn't answer his question. But, by the next morning, we knew for certain that the burner hadn't exploded. From the rubble we had dragged out a thick circular piece of metal, obviously the top of the burner, and even more obviously caved-in. Whatever had exploded, it must have been placed right on top of the burner, presumably to simulate an explosion in the heating system.

That wasn't all we dragged out of the rubble. There wasn't much left to bury, but there were funeral services next day for Hannah McKenzie and her baby granddaughter.

A full-scale police investigation was already under way. Sergeant Harry A. Holsinger of the Maryland State Police, whom I had met when the authorities investigated the Huston blaze, was in charge of this inquiry, too. He conferred with all of us who had helped fight the fire, and then he gave us an insight into what we were up against.

"This is strictly off the record," Holsinger said, "but did any of you happen to read the names in today's paper of the surviving members of Hannah McKenzie's family?"

None of us had; and so he threw a copy of the paper across the desk, with one paragraph in the McKenzie obituary marked off by a red crayon. I myself was startled when I read that Mrs. John Huston was one of Hannah McKenzie's daughters.

"I learned that yesterday," Holsinger explained, "and so I did a little inquiring. I found out that the night of the fire in your town, Mrs. Huston had originally planned to attend a woman's club meeting. But when the meeting was suddenly called off, Mrs. Huston phoned her babysitter and told her not to come, that she would take her children to a picture instead.

"What makes this interesting is that, if it hadn't been for the last-minute de-

velopment, the Hustons' baby-sitter would have been in their home, sleeping in the bedroom where you men found evidence of arson. And the baby-sitter, of course, would have been Hannah McKenzie."

Thinking about it made me sick to my stomach. It was one thing to commit murder. Homicide is an ugly crime but very often an understandable one. But this was something else. Here was a case of premeditated murder, a cold-blooded plan to burn someone alive. And if that wasn't vicious enough, there was the real horror behind it—the killer was prepared to let children burn to death, in order to get the woman he was after.

I'm only an ordinary guy, and I consider myself peaceful and law-abiding. But as I sat in the state police office and remembered that an 18-month-old infant had been burned alive by a mad murderer, I found myself wishing that he could be caught and not electrocuted but tortured to death.

Later, after I'd cooled off, I realized that an eye for an eye is jungle justice, and that no criminal, beastlike or not, should be denied a fair trial and impersonal punishment. Yet, when the murderer of Hannah McKenzie and her baby granddaughter was finally found, I couldn't help remembering my wish that he be tortured to death. Because he was.

From what Holsinger had told us, it seemed quite obvious that the killer had known Hannah McKenzie very well. He not only knew that she would be baby-sitting for the Hustons; he knew in which room she would sleep. This fact alone would considerably narrow down Holsinger's list of possible suspects.

Now I'm no private detective, and I didn't try to snoop around. But in a small town, where there's usually not much to talk about, something like this starts everybody second-guessing the cops. Especially in bars and barber shops, and I just happened to be in Larry's Barber Shop two days after the funeral, when the boys were at it hot and heavy.

THE man in the chair next to me, a blubbery whale if I ever saw one, was certain he knew the murderer. "They'll never prove it, though," he said. "He's too smart. Joe Villa, that's who. Hell, every time the guy is drunk, which is every day and twice on Saturdays, he's belly-aching about how Hannah gives him a hard time. And he's handled dynamite before. He once blasted some trees I went cleared off my land."

"That's quite a solid case you've got against the guy," commented the barber dryly. "Why not tell the troopers about it?"

Pete Smollett, the bootblack, snickered. "Tell him about Dapper Dan," he urged the barber.

"I won't mention any names," said the barber to the fat man, "but if you're out fishing for suspects, you ought to talk to the blowhard I had in the chair yesterday. He was bragging about how he was with the woman the night she was killed, and how he could tell the cops plenty but he'd be damned if he'd volunteer. 'Let the jerks come looking for me,' he said."

I couldn't keep quiet. "Does he work here in town?" I asked.

The fat man's barber eyed me suspiciously. "Why?"

Larry, who was cutting my hair, had known me a long while, and he said to the other barber, "He's all right."

The fat man's barber scribbled something on the back of one of the tickets he used to write down the barber shop charges, and he handed it to me. I didn't read it until I left the shop. "Gus," the note read, "gas station outside town somewhere."

At first I was going to turn the information over to Holsinger, but I hated to get a man involved strictly on a say-so of a barber. Since I had a little time, I decided instead to dig the fellow up and make my own judgment. There were only three gas stations on the outskirts of town, and it was an easy matter to drive up, get a few gallons of gas and ask for Gus. I got him at the second station. He was putting the gas in my tank.

"You looking for me?" he asked curiously.

He was a powerfully built man, not what I could call good-looking but with a kind of tough-featured face that women seem to like.

I told him at the start that I wasn't a police officer, and I didn't want to ask any questions. But I pointed out that if he had any information concerning the fire at the McKenzie house, it was his duty to report it to the troopers.

"But I hardly—"

I cut him off. "I'm no authority," I emphasized. "You don't have to talk to me. If you have anything to say, you'd better see Sgt. Holsinger at the state trooper barracks."

I let it go at that and drove home, pleased with myself. I had been, I thought, a model citizen. But within an hour I was told otherwise—politely but firmly—by Sgt. Holsinger himself. He called and asked if I would drop by his office. I went right over.

I walked into his office and the sergeant, after closing the door behind me, said first that the gas station operator had just been by to see him. "I understand your motives," the sergeant said, "and I appreciate what you tried to do. But do me a favor and don't try it again. Next time just tell us what you know or have heard and give us credit for having a little judgment. Hell, if this character had wanted to, he could have taken off and we'd have had our hands full finding him."

Holsinger conceded, however, that they were glad to have a chance to talk to him. "But there are lots of guys we have to talk to," the sergeant remarked, and then, eyes boring into mine, he added: "Including you."

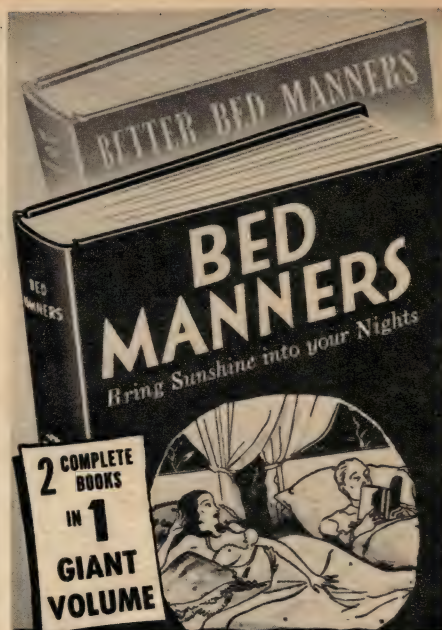
I stared back at him, dumbfounded. "Me? Why me?"

"Because now we're curious about why you've gone to all this trouble to send suspects to us," the sergeant said wearily.

"Oh, look," I began. "Surely—"

He held up his hand. "No, you're clear. We've checked you out already. But I just wanted you to know how dangerous it is to start playing detective. The next thing you know, you're playing suspect."

Holsinger, apparently feeling he'd warned me strongly enough, then relented



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a bit and told me that he was going out to question another man. "His name is Villa," the sergeant said, "John Joseph Villa. You ever hear of him?"

I explained what I had overheard in the barber shop.

Holsinger grimaced. "These days," he commented, "a man is considered guilty until proved innocent." He went on to point out that there was no substantial evidence linking Villa to the crime, except that he was wild about Hannah McKenzie but couldn't get to first base. Villa was a member of the local branch of the Moose, and his feelings about the widow were common knowledge. According to what Holsinger had so far been able to learn, Villa was considered harmless.

I was delighted by Holsinger's offer to accompany him and a deputy, Trooper Hughes, to Villa's home. We drove over in a state police car.

THE house, if you could dignify it by the term, was empty and locked. It was more of a shack than anything else, one room with an outhouse. Except for a disorderly pile of firewood and some discarded beer cans, the nearby grounds were bare. Holsinger, having carefully walked around the place, was reasonably sure that no one had been in or out of the shack in the past few days.

A neighbor, some 200 yards down the road, confirmed the sergeant's hunch. She

said that Villa had spoken earlier of going to visit relatives in Philadelphia, and that he hadn't been around for the past four or five days. She knew this for certain because Villa depended on her for his drinking water.

"When was the last time you recall having seen Joe Villa?" asked Holsinger.

The woman frowned. "I think it was Tuesday. He was here at our house."

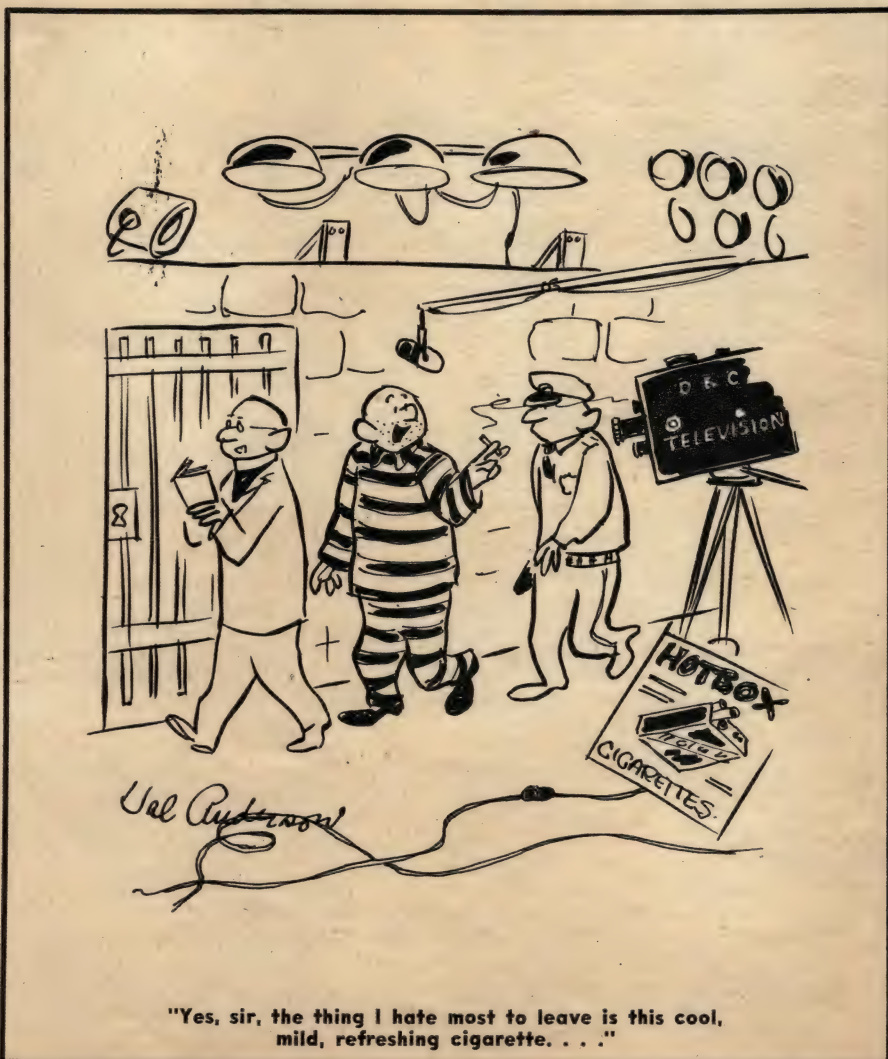
Tuesday was January 18th, and it was also the night Hannah McKenzie and her baby granddaughter were killed. If Joe Villa had spent that night with his neighbors, he was in the clear.

Pressed for details, the woman said that Villa had had supper with them. "My husband and I like Joe," she said, "and the two men love to play checkers. They had a couple of games that night. We tried to get him to sleep over here—he does that frequently, and his place gets kind of cold these winter nights—but he said no, he had to get an early start the next morning to get to Philadelphia."

"What time did he leave your house?" asked Holsinger.

She hesitated. "I wouldn't want to say for sure," she replied, "but I think it was about 10:30 P.M. Maybe a little later."

If her memory was accurate, it meant that Villa had left his neighbor's home in time to have set off the explosion at the McKenzie house. But if it turned out that he had stayed with his neighbors as late



"Yes, sir, the thing I hate most to leave is this cool, mild, refreshing cigarette. . . ."

as 11 P.M., he would have a firm alibi. Holsinger, Hughes and I went back to Villa's shack. It was an easy matter to force the front door. But, as we had been able to make out by peering through the dirty windows, there was nothing to be seen. Nothing, that is, except rubbish. The sink was littered with empty containers of milk, apparently the only food he ever brought into the place, and clothes, all crumpled and most of them dirty, hung from nails driven into the wall.

We were almost ready to drive off when Holsinger decided to press the hunt a little further. "Suppose the three of us fan out from the shack," he said. "We may turn up something in the underbrush. Hughes, cover the ground across the road. I'll move south from the shack." He faced me quizzically. "Would you cover the area to the north?"

I said I would. As they moved off, I went to the back of the shack and began slowly zigzagging across the fields. Much of this was uncultivated and scrubby brush, with some stunted trees and thick briar patches.

ALMOST stepped on him. Accidentally I'd stumbled into an area thick with briars, and I was gingerly picking my way through a clump when I saw the body, no more than two feet away. I had never seen Villa, but I had no doubt that this was what remained of the man.

The corpse was on its back, arms outflung, one hand gripping a flashlight. Villa had been wearing jeans, a red and black hunting jacket and a scarf around his neck. His face was strangely blackened and the flesh in spots was raw. One of his hands also seemed mutilated.

I ran and got Holsinger and Hughes. It was Joe Villa, of course, but not until the deputy county medical examiner, Dr. D. V. Deming, conducted the autopsy was the cause of Villa's death determined. By then, though, there could be no doubt that he had touched off the blast that had killed Hannah McKenzie. In the pocket of his hunting jacket, Holsinger had found a diary. Though entries were sporadic and frequently incoherent, their only subject was Villa's frustrated love for the widow; and three days before the fatal fire, he had written:

"I believe that everything will go as planned. They may suspect me of dynamiting the house but I have nothing to fear. No evidence will be left."

Only John Joseph Villa knew what went wrong. Perhaps it was a faulty fuse—or perhaps he had waited too long to make sure that it went off. In any case, as Dr. Deming's post mortem revealed, his face, hands and legs had been burned by the initial flash, and the concussion had caught him in the guts. It had torn his insides apart. Officially the cause of death was a hemorrhaged pancreas, but if it hadn't been that, he would have bled to death through one of the other rips the concussion had left in his gut.

It wasn't written into the record, but the fact is that Joe Villa died in agony. Everyone in town knew it; and if you had heard them mention this to one another, as I did, you would have known that this satisfied their sense of justice. It satisfied mine. ♦♦♦

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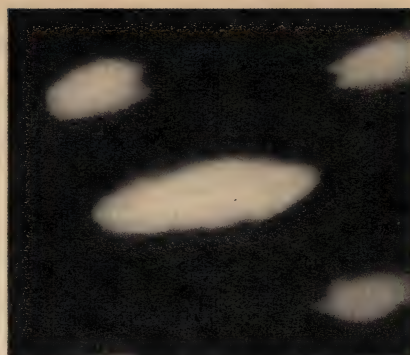
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THEY TAILED ME FROM OUTER SPACE

Continued from page 30

keeping my Boeing Stratocruiser, *Centaurus*, under observation.

It was June 29, 1954, just before sunset, over Labrador. The sky was crystal-clear.

I had taken off from Idlewild airfield at five o'clock, New York time, on what we British Overseas Airways Corporation pilots have nicknamed the "champagne and caviar" run—the North Atlantic crossing from New York to London. It's a luxury flight used by film stars, stage personalities, diplomats and not-so-tired businessmen who can chalk it up to the expense account. Normally, we do the trip nonstop, but on this occasion there wasn't very much of a tail wind and I had a pretty heavy load aboard—51 passengers and a deal of freight—which meant a touchdown some place for refueling.

THE Great Circle Route which we follow takes us roughly midway between Gander airfield in Newfoundland and Goose Bay in Labrador. Gander, this time, was out as a refueling base on account of foggy weather. But Goose Bay was wide open. So I was headed northeast across the St. Lawrence River.

Dinner had been served on board about an hour earlier. Some of the passengers had already taken to their sleeping berths. Others had gone down to the lounge and bar on the lower deck. But those still sitting in their port side seats on the upper deck saw what I saw. And so did every other member of the crew.

We crossed the St. Lawrence and flew over Seven Islands, the small settlement rapidly becoming a latter-day boom town on account of the new railroad being constructed from there to the mining centers of Labrador. There was low cloud at about 5,000 feet, but up where we were at 19,000 feet, cruising along at 238 knots, it was perfectly clear. The sun was just beginning to set away to the left. At that height there is very little colored tint on account of the rarefied atmosphere. The sky was almost silver in its clearness—perfect visibility.

It was 9:05 Labrador time and we were about 20 minutes' flying time northeast of Seven Islands when I first sighted the thing.

At first it looked like no more than an indeterminate dark blob in the distance, with several blobs dancing attendance on it. The whole setup looked, at first glance, like a cluster of flak bursts such as I had encountered several times over Europe during World War II with the Royal Air Force while bombing the invasion barges lined up along the Dutch and Belgian coasts.

Only the biggest blob was much bigger than any flak burst I had ever encountered, and seemed, in some strange way, to have definite shape. It didn't look, somehow, as though it was going to shortly disintegrate into thin air, the way a flak burst does. It was, as near as I can describe it, something like an inverted pear suspended in the sky.

I was on the port side of the control cockpit, looking out of the window nearest the thing. Beside me was my co-pilot, First Officer Lee Boyd, a 33-year-old Canadian from Saskatchewan who flew with the famous Pathfinder Force during World War II.

I gave Lee a nudge. "What do you make of that?" I asked.

But he had already seen it. "I just noticed it," he said. "What in tarnation is it?"

As near as I could judge, the group of things was about five miles off, stretched out in a line parallel with our own line of flight. The big one was roughly center of the group, with the smaller ones extended fore and aft like a destroyer screen conveying a battleship.

Watching, puzzled—the Stratocruiser was on the auto-pilot at the time—I realized something else, too.

"The damn things are moving," I said.

Lee leaned over beside me. "They sure are," he said. "They're coming right along with us."

I shall never forget that moment as long as I live. I felt a strange excitement start up inside me—and Lee, I could see, was feeling the same way. We looked at one another a moment, then back at the things.

Even as we watched, the big central thing began to change shape . . . or maybe it changed its angle of flight and this gave it the appearance of changing shape. I wouldn't know. What I do know is that the whole 18 minutes it flew along with us it changed shape continually, while the smaller attendant things switched position around it.

I told myself that this was something a lot of people were going to want to know a deal about later. There were going to be a lot of questions fired at me once I made my report. I'd better know some of the answers. How many small ones, for instance.

I counted, re-counted, counted again. Six. Always six. Sometimes there were three stretched out in front of the main thing and three behind; sometimes five stretched out in line ahead and only one behind. I had the impression that at one time, just before I got round to counting them, there were more than six, which

ties in with Lee Boyd's idea that they were flying in and out of the large central object like aircraft entering and leaving a flight hangar.

Lee said, as though he didn't really believe it himself: "There's a lot of Air Force traffic in and out of Goose Bay some days. Maybe it's a formation of fighters way out in the distance. Want me to call up Goose and check?"

It didn't look like any formation of fighters I'd ever seen, but I told him to go ahead.

He called up approach control at Goose Bay; told them what was going on. "Hold it a moment and we'll check," they said.

A minute later they reported back: "No other traffic in your area."

Lee said: "Well, there are a number of very strange objects flying parallel with us some distance off. There's one large one and about six smaller ones."

"Can you identify them?"

Lee gave a curt "No" to that one.

"Okay. We'll send a fighter up to take a look-see."

That left us with nothing to do but watch the thing as it changed shape and the smaller things switched position around it. From the inverted pear it had looked something like when I first saw it, it turned into what looked like a flying arrow—an enormous Delta-wing plane turning in to close with us.

That was a nasty moment as we sat there watching the thing change shape, seeming to grow larger as though headed towards us.

"It's coming toward us," I said to Lee.

But it wasn't. We watched, tense, expectant, but it didn't come any closer.

Even as we watched, the Delta-wing appearance started to flatten down, stretching out, until it was now like a giant telephone receiver lying on its back in the sky, still with the smaller objects changing formation around it. Stretched out like that, assuming it was about five miles off, it must have been about the size of an ocean liner.

GRABBED some paper and began to sketch. This was something that memory might play tricks with later.

The other members of the crew in the cockpit with us had got the gist of what was going on, had caught something of our own air of expectancy and tenseness. They crowded forward now to look out of the cockpit windows with us. There were four of them—George Allen, the navigating officer; Doug Cox, the radio officer; Dan Godfrey, the engineering officer, a grizzled old veteran flyer; and Bill Stewart, the other engineering officer. They all saw it. So did the steward and Daphne Webster, the stewardess, a 27-year-old Londoner, who both popped their heads inside the cockpit to tell us that some of the passengers had seen it, too, and wanted to know what it was.

Their guess was as good as mine.

The objects were still parallel with us, still keeping station with us at the same altitude. George Allen, angling himself so that he could line them up with the window-frame, said that at one time they went a little ahead of us and then dropped back exactly parallel again.

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I was tempted to change course and take a closer look at the things, but I didn't. After all, I didn't know what in the devil they were and I had 51 passengers aboard to consider. I also had a hunch that the things might sheer off if we showed too much interest, and, with a fighter coming up to intercept them, I wanted to be in the audience to see what happened.

The big central thing went on changing shape much as a swarm of bees seems to change shape in flight. I went on jotting down lightning sketches on my sheet of paper.

THEN the pilot of the intercepting fighter came through on the radio.

"Those things still with you?"

I said they were.

"Okay. I'm about 20 miles off, heading toward you at a slightly higher altitude."

I looked out of the cockpit window again. The things were still there.

The fighter pilot said: "How do they look now?"

Even as he said it, I realized that the things were not still there—not all of them. The half-dozen small attendant things had suddenly vanished.

"What happened to the smaller ones?"

I said.

George Allen, who had had his eyes on them the whole time, said: "It looked to me as though they went into the big one."

Right that moment the big one itself began to get rapidly smaller as though it was sheering away from us at a terrific speed.

"They're getting smaller," I told the fighter pilot over the radio.

I looked out of the window again. The big central thing was tearing off into the distance... getting smaller and smaller. In a matter of seconds it was no more than a pinhead. Then it was gone altogether.

And that was that.

What was it? Search me. It wasn't anything natural. I know that... and we had the whole group clearly in view for a full 18 minutes—entered in the navigation log as appearing at 0105 Greenwich Mean Time and disappearing again at 0123—a flying distance of 80 miles... the strangest 80-mile journey of my life.

Twenty minutes later we landed at Goose Bay where a U.S.A.F. Intelligence

Officer interviewed Lee Boyd, George Allen and myself. We told them what I have told you here.

Chapman Pincher, science-writer of the London *Daily Express*, has since suggested that what we saw was no more than a mirage caused by an inversion layer. That, in case you don't know, is a layer of warm air out of place. Normally, air gets colder the higher you climb. But occasionally you find a warm layer on top of a cold layer. That acts as a kind of reflecting mirror and produces this sort of mirages you get in the desert in early morning.

But at 19,000 feet, a mirage of what? Pincher says a mirage of our own aircraft. But that would be a reflected shadow. A shadow must fall on something to be visible—and there was nothing. Anyway, the light from the setting sun couldn't possibly throw a shadow toward itself. No, I don't believe that one.

Plenty of pilots have been flying longer than I have, but I've got 7,500 flying hours and 265 Atlantic crossings chalked up, and I've never seen anything like it anywhere before. Nor has any member of my crew, all veteran flyers with a good many thousand hours among them.

I know, too, that the things, whatever they were, were not picked up on the radar screen at Goose Bay. There's no reason why they should have been. My own Stratocruiser wasn't picked up on the screen when the things first caught up with us.

Yes, I've read all the theories which have been put forward to account for what 22 of us—10 crew and 12 passengers—saw that night, and none of them add up.

It was a solid thing. I'm sure of that. Maneuverable and controlled intelligently—a sort of base ship linked somehow with those smaller attendant satellites.

THERE is no rational explanation... except on the basis of space ships and flying saucers.

On that basis, it must have been some weird form of space ship from another world. If so... then another world was watching the *Centaurus* as it flew over Labrador that night in June. Watching—waiting maybe—for what? One day we shall know and that day, I'm sure, will be pretty important to the human race. I hope I'm around to see it. ♦♦♦

PHOTO CREDITS

STAG's cover this month was painted by artist-illustrator Clarence Doore. The black and white photographs used in this issue are from the following sources: page 6, Bruce Friedman; pages 11-15, D. Berretty and R. Melcher—Black Star, Roger Coster—Monkmeyer; page 16, George X. Sand; pages 18-20, Wide World; page 21, INP; pages 22-23, Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; pages 26-29, Bunny Yeager—PIP; pages 30-31, U. S. Coast Guard—INP; pages 32-33, Author; pages 36-37, Globe; pages 38-39, Wide World; pages 40-41, PIX; page 42, Penguin Photos.

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MILWAUKEE: TAME OR TORRID?

To the Editor:

We read Stephen Hull's story on Milwaukee in the November issue of STAG. The only part we agree on is that it has a lot of pretty girls. The rest is a lot of bull. Of course there's bad points to every city, but your article disgraced Milwaukee and the sailors stationed at Great Lakes.

I guess anybody would do anything to make some money, but Mr. Hull's is a pretty low way of making it.

28 members of Dorm 4, USN
Great Lakes, Ill.

To the Editors:

While reading your exposes during the last few months, I was always apprehensive about the sensationalism you used in writing your stories about vice in different cities. However, after picking up your copy with the story about Milwaukee, I was quite shocked to see how much truth there was in it. The citizens here think that Milwaukee is a dead town, but I hope your article will wake them up.

Good work on your exposés, and I promise I'll never be apprehensive about them again.

P. W.
Milwaukee, Wis.

MYSTERY CRASH

To the Editor:

I'm a steady reader of STAG, and today I bought your November issue. You have some very interesting reading in your magazine, but one story, "Their Coffin Was on Fire," was very disappointing. The story itself was good, but it wasn't quite finished. What made the plane crash and turn over? Who was responsible?

R. R. Vickers
Prince George, B.C., Canada

Dear Mr. Vickers:

As co-author of this story, I'm answering your letter.

Even now no one really knows why that ill-fated BOAC Constellation crashed. It wasn't as if a wing buckled or an engine quit or was torn off at altitude. The plane was coming in for a routine landing, and had almost touched the ground when it exploded. As a result of that and the terrific fire it was impossible to tell the real cause. The pilot had been flying since 1929, and was experienced and careful. Hence it would seem reasonable to rule the human factor out. Investigators considered three further possibilities: (1) structural weakness; (2) engine failure; (3) sabotage such as a time bomb planted for no known reason. None of these things could be definitely proved.

Emile C. Schurmacher

FOXHOLE BUDDY

To the Editor:

We thought you might be interested in this photo of one of the men in our outfit taking a break with STAG. It was taken approximately two weeks ago while we were on outposts.

We would appreciate hearing from you, as mail is always welcome here in Korea.

Pfc. W. W. Long, USMC
B-1-5 1st Marine Div. F.M.F.
c/o F.P.O. San Francisco, Cal.



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by GONTRAN de PONCINS

ILLUSTRATED BY VIC PREZIO

ALASKA

the GHOST



STAG
BOOK BONUS

Editor's note: This is the harrowing story of Gontran de Poncins' 4600-mile voyage on the ex-rumrunner, *Audrey*. The crew consists of two of the world's most silent and sullen characters—neither of whom has any knowledge of the sea. When they run into the storms, fog and ice of the Bering Strait, their 57 days' adventure turns into an unforgettable nightmare.

THIS book is the account of a 4,600-mile sea voyage which I made with two men, sailing from Coppermine, in the Arctic, through the Bering Strait and down to Vancouver. Chronologically, it follows *Kabloona*.

Here is how it happened. I was about to leave the Arctic after having spent more than a year with the Eskimos. I had covered 1,500 miles on foot under precarious and not always comfortable conditions. I was worn out. Toward the end of my journey I was taken aboard the icebreaker *Saint Roch* of the Canadian Arctic Patrol. "Stay with us awhile," said the captain. "At least long enough to take a rest." But what I was worried about was how I was going to get away. The Arctic of the Eskimos was separated from the civilized world by a no man's land of 1,500 miles. There were only two ways of crossing it, by a fifteen-hour plane trip or by going up the Mackenzie River in a boat, which took about a month. The Mackenzie Air Service, which carries mail to and from the Great North twice a year, had offered to fly me down. But how would I bring back my precious Eskimo collections and all the other things I was carrying back with me? By plane, at the rate of two dollars a pound? I couldn't dream of it. As for separating from them by shipping my baggage via the Mackenzie, I would no more have done that than would a child separate from his toys.

That was as far as I'd got in my thinking when a cable was delivered to me. Art Watson and Slim Purcell, two trappers from the Great North, had wired me an offer. As trapping had stopped paying off, they were planning to bring their boat down to Vancouver. But the two of them couldn't do the trip alone. They had just about enough seamanship for coasting—and that when the weather was good. Would I agree to make a third on a boat that normally took a six-man crew, and to share the risk? In exchange, they would carry me and all

THE GHOST VOYAGE—Out of Eskimo Land. Copyright, 1954, by Gontran de Poncins. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

my baggage. It wouldn't cost me a cent.

My answer went off at once. It was dictated less by the spirit of economy than the spirit of adventure. A chance to "do" the Bering Strait, especially under such conditions, was one of those rare opportunities, the kind that doesn't come everybody's way. And I'd been told that in the Aleutians, which were on our route, there were whalers. With a bit of luck, I might join up with them.

As far as an epic voyage is concerned, I was in for a disappointment. Adventure rarely—if ever—turns out to be what one expects. The reader will see that our voyage proved to be less heroic than absurd. A voyage of three landlubbers venturing out on the deep sea. The three of us together knew less than the first sailor who comes along. As a result, our behavior and that of our boat proved to be really comic. We sailed along the coasts with our noses right on the water for fear of getting lost. And despite this, we did get lost. We no longer knew where Alaska was. Or else we couldn't manage to find the Bering Strait, which was clear enough on the map.

We were off on a thankless voyage. If we succeeded, no one would congratulate us. And if we failed, we knew what the post-mortem would be: a pack of scatterbrains. Rounding Cape Barrow is no less a feat than rounding the Horn, but whereas the Cape Horn route is glorious, the other, for some reason, isn't at all.



ON the evening of July 28, 1939, a tubby, odd-shaped boat, whose rounded hull looked like a barrel, was moving through Coronation Gulf, in the Arctic Ocean, toward a point on the Canadian coast opposite the mouth of Coppermine River. The boat sailed slowly and solemnly past a few islands that lay sleeping on the water. Aboard ship, all was calm, all except myself. Bundled up in Eskimo furs, I stood on deck, eagerly scanning the horizon. In a few minutes we would touch land. For me, this arrival was big with meaning. It meant that a chapter—and not the least thrilling one—of my life as a voyager was drawing to a close. My life in the ice age among the Eskimos was about to end.

Was I in a hurry to get back to civilization? I must admit I wasn't. I suddenly became aware that my existence of the past fifteen months had left a deep mark. Its starkness and authenticity had had an extraordinary effect on me. A man as tormented as myself had found the peace of heart he so deeply needed. In short, I was afraid of returning to a civilization from which I had fled. For I had gone north not so much for the sake of exploration or to carry on ethnological studies as to find myself, to regain certain values which to me were essential.

I had already experienced, a few days earlier, an advance shock, when, from the depths of my peace and solitude, I had boarded the *Saint Roch*, the icebreaker of the Canadian Arctic Patrol on which I now found myself. Though the crew welcomed me most cordially and seemed delighted to have me on board, nevertheless, this renewal of contact with white men was a shock. The noisiness of their speech was in sharp contrast with the silence I had come to love, and the roughness of their behavior was strikingly unlike the lightness and delicacy of the Eskimos, who avoided asking questions and never plunged directly into a subject, but preferred to wait until you felt like talking.

But anxiety was brushed aside for the moment by another emotion, the excitement that was suddenly aroused in me by the approach of Coppermine. Though not yet visible, Coppermine was nearby, behind the islands.

Coppermine is, to Canadians, the farthest outpost of civilization. It is the terminal of the airline that leaves Edmonton and links the few inhabited spots in the Barren Lands. Twice a year it brings mail and news, in winter by ski and in summer by float. Here the white man's mastery ends. It was from here that I had left a year before, "moving eastward," as my family had learned from the reports of the police, who knew little more than this about

my winter wanderings. Now that the boat bringing me back was about to make a stop there, I suddenly became eager to see the place again.

I, who am usually so unsociable, was longing for the sight of my fellow creatures more than for anything else. I was going to see Father Delalande, the lively and humorous missionary who had put me up in his place before my big take-off and had gone to such trouble to introduce the greenhorn I was to the rudiments of life in the Arctic.

When I landed, however, it wasn't Father Delalande with his red beard whom I saw walking toward me, but another missionary, with a black one. "Father Delalande had to leave for Minto Inlet. He was sorry to miss you and left this note. As for mail, I've got only two letters for you." (Where could the others have gone?) "The *Audrey's* here. Art and Slim are waiting for you, and they're pretty impatient. The season's far along, and they want to get under way this evening."

And so, as soon as I arrived I found myself completely frustrated. Instead of the rest and relaxation to which I had been looking forward with such pleasure, I had time enough only to run to the store for the indispensable purchases—I hadn't a single shirt left—and to toss a hasty greeting all around, which was quite inappropriate to the circumstances. My baggage and all my acquisitions had already been put on board the *Audrey*. And we were on our way.

Entire fragments of the voyage that had just begun have left absolutely no trace in my memory.

But that first night has remained engraved in my mind as if time had stopped so that I could note every detail. There I am on the outer poop of the *Audrey*, wearing my *koliktak* because it's chilly. The Diesel engine is throbbing as the ship cuts through the smooth surface of the sea at a speed of nine knots. The water looks heavy and leaden, less like a liquid than a sheet of metal. Silence all about. The silence is also heavy, heavy and disturbing. We're moving through a dead world. Every now and then there looms up on the horizon a strip of dark land, or a cape, which vanishes almost at once. Apart from that, nothing.

Everywhere else, summer is the season of life, of exuberance. Here it's the very opposite. The Arctic is alive in winter, if only with its shifts of wind and its blizzards. And in spring, particularly when the earth revives, when the soil exults and the air resounds with the cries of birds. But when summer comes round, all life vanishes.

The boat on which I was sailing was no less strange, with its swordfish bow, its hull low in the water from which

all that emerged was a casemate with cut corners, like a periscope, and two bare masts bearing only a crow's-nest (and not round, but square, like a box that had been hooked on halfway up). A rumrunner, built in the old days at Halifax, with bulletproof portholes and two motors that let it work up enough speed to escape from the curiosity of the coast guards, a boat made to stand up in any sea and to cruise offshore until someone came from land at night to unload it.

The two men were English Canadians whom I had met the summer before. All I knew about them was that they had been trapping in the Great North. Art was round and stocky. With his spotted dungarees and his beret pulled down over his ears, he looked rather like a cleaning woman, the crabby kind that holds a broom as if it were a weapon. Slim was the very opposite. Thin wasn't the word for him—he was like a bean pole. His skin was so taut on his bones that he couldn't laugh; at best, he grimaced. But all in all, a pair of solid men. And their offer had excited me from a distance. Though not quite realizing what it involved, I had thought to myself, "It'll be a wonderful voyage . . . provided we work together!" I had felt at one with them in advance, their companion in an adventure that would be out of the ordinary. So when I went to see them in Coppermine, my face was all smiles, and I put out my hand to them. All my good will, all my warmth, were in that smile. But my enthusiasm found no echo. "Better hurry!" That was all Art had to say. And Slim, who was standing beside him, didn't even open his mouth—a thin, dry mouth that had no lips! I stood there dumfounded. Is there anything more embarrassing, more irritating, than just standing before someone with your hand hanging in the air?

Coppermine had no sooner disappeared over the horizon than they said, "Your turn to take the wheel!" And without another word, they disappeared, leaving me with an uneasy feeling. It was pretty strange! All winter long, among my Eskimos, I had had a sense of belonging. With or without conversation, there had been a constant communication between us, an exchange. And here, with men of my own race, there was none at all! Was I the victim of a bad dream? I began humming. But this didn't ease my anxiety.

At about six in the morning, Slim turned up again.

"You'll sleep over there!" he said, pointing to the bow of the ship. Without another word, he took the wheel from my hands. I staggered off. A worm-eaten ladder was there. It led to a dark hole that had obviously served

in the past as the crew's quarters. It was a V-shaped room, in the middle of which was a greasy table, also V-shaped, with a bench around it. Above the bench were berths. Or rather tiny nooks. Was that where I was to sleep? Behind the ladder, in the hollow, was a rusty stove. So the place was also used as a kitchen and mess. The musty smell mingled with the stale smell of food. Of all the crew's quarters where I had ever slept, this was the most sordid! My luggage was there, but I hadn't the strength to open my bags. I rolled up in a blanket, with my clothes on. No sooner was it around me than I felt as if I were draped in a shroud.

I don't know how long I'd been sleeping when I was awakened by a slight sound. I half opened my eyes. A woman was there, near the stove. A short Indian half-breed. Surely Art's wife. I knew she was on board with her child. I didn't stir. I lay there with my eyes half closed, spying on her. She lit the fire cautiously so as not to wake me. Suddenly she raised her head, as if she felt she was being observed. Our gazes met. I didn't move. My dealings with the men had taught me prudence. But she smiled. Then, as if she had gone too far, she turned her eyes away.

THE fire had begun to blaze when I heard heavy footsteps on deck. A moment later Art appeared. He took a strip of oakum from the pocket of his dungarees to wipe his hands, came over to me—I pretended to be asleep—and shook me. "Breakfast!" Then, without looking at his wife, he sat down at the table, took a knife from his pocket, and then a row of false teeth which he stuck into his mouth.

I extracted myself, all doubled up, from my berth and sat down opposite him. He didn't even say hello. He pushed some bread over to me, and a can of jam which he pulled out from under the bench. Still without looking at his wife, he called out to her: "Two eggs!" Then to me, as if noticing my presence for the first time. "Two for you, too? Make it four!"

She brought them with a timid "Morning" to me. He raised his head. His eyes went from her to me. "My wife," he said. Without more ado, he began to eat.

When Art finished eating he wiped his knife on his overalls, folded it and got up. Then, leaning both hands on the table, he said to me, "When you get around to it . . ." (in a tone of injunction rather than invitation). His dumpy body moved off to the ladder and disappeared.

That was how things stood thirteen hours after leaving Coppermine. The voyage had begun in earnest. And I was already disturbed by a thousand things. With a boat like that, how

would we ever manage to get through our almost 5,000-mile itinerary? We needed at least five men to handle her, and there were only three of us. Hence, the impossibility of drawing up a schedule of watches. For the time being, the Two decided on the following system: Art would look after the motors, I would attend to the wheel and Slim would be relief man for each of us. This might have worked out as long as the sea stayed calm. But when things started getting rough, which was inevitable, what would we do?

And what would my life on board be, humanly speaking? Would I simply be a steering machine, a good-natured idiot whose strength would be exploited to the maximum? Was their coldness toward me, their way of ignoring me apart from my work, going to continue? Would I remain alone in my hole in the bow while they slept astern, together and in much more comfortable quarters?

So we sailed along at nine knots an hour toward the farthest point of the American continent, Point Barrow. But the reader has a right to ask whether I knew enough about nautical matters to go off on such a jaunt with two men who weren't sailors. Theoretically, my seamanship was nil. I knew how to use a sextant, but we didn't have one. As for the rest, all I knew was what had been picked up in the course of things by a man who had knocked about in lots of boats, almost all of them makeshift affairs, and who, in spite of himself, found himself involved in ship's work. But I didn't pretend to be a real seaman.

On the high sea is the ever-present ice pack, ready to move in as soon as the wind starts blowing from the north. And even in the free strip there remains ice drifting left and right, depending upon the winds. Hence, the uncertainty of navigation. You never know an hour ahead what may happen.

We therefore kept to the coast. We sailed from point to point. Seen from the outside, our navigation was laughable. We looked like people who were afraid of getting wet, and also afraid of getting lost. But the only instruments we had were the log and compass. Though the log indicated the number of miles we had done, it did not tell us how far we had gone in a straight line. We had one compass in the pilothouse and another on the outer poop. But though we were 700 miles from the Magnetic Pole, they were constantly being thrown out of order. At one moment, they would be in agreement, and then, for no apparent reason, there would be a sudden difference of 40 degrees! And we would no longer know where we were.

But then a serious obstacle arose: the bottoms. The chief characteristic

of these seas is their shallowness. Ten miles out, you're in danger of running aground. And you can't trust the soundings marked on the map.

Another charming peculiarity of these regions is the instability of the weather. Everywhere else at sea there are prevailing winds. Everywhere else you can, with a bit of experience, forecast the weather, within certain limits. But not here. The winds are constantly shifting.

The fourth day out while we were passing Pierce Point the sea began rising. The three of us were on our feet. The propeller came out of the water and roared. But it was only an alert.

Beyond Pierce Point, the coast turns inward on the map. In order to avoid hugging it, we headed for Cape Parry—a hop of about a hundred miles—and from there for Cape Bathurst. Off Bathurst we were again given the third degree. The *Audrey* with its streamlined shape and shallow draft was pitching like a drunk. How could she manage when the sea got rough?

We had just rounded Baillie Island when Art, who was on deck, started sniffing. "There comes the fog!" I heard him mutter to himself. You're probably wondering whether mist does have an odor. I'd be inclined to say that it has a grain that strikes the nostrils. (How often I was to recognize it later on!) Where had it suddenly come up from? God knows! But in less than ten minutes, we were in a real pea souper, with a visibility of just about fifty yards. All we could see were the crests of the waves chasing each other and disappearing into the grayness.

When we passed Baillie—the northernmost point, along with Barrow—we altered our course in order to go down again. But the coast was marked on the map with shoals, and we had to be careful. The demonstration wasn't long in coming. I had gone down to sleep at two A.M., but was awakened at four with a start. The engines had stopped. Slim had taken soundings and announced five fathoms. This section—from Cape Dalhousie to Cape Brown—is one of the most treacherous.

"Head north to clear it!" (How often we were to repeat this cry in the course of the voyage.) The sea shook us without our being able to see real waves. It was actually more irritating than dangerous. When mealtime came round, we had to make a special effort to hold on to the plates, which kept sliding away, and also to hide our ill temper.

Were my relations with the Two improving? Not in the slightest. They remained exactly what they had been at the start. As there were never more than two of us on our feet at the same

time, and as we were busy on different parts of the ship, we hardly ever saw each other. Those wonderful moments of indolence when the watch is over and you indulge in the luxury of a cigarette or a chat did not exist here. When it was finally time to rest, we wanted nothing except to go to sleep.

But even when we found ourselves face to face, whether in the pilothouse or the messroom, there was no conversation. Not that my shipmates were completely taciturn—that wouldn't be quite accurate—but they kept me out of their discussions. Art might come up from the engine room and, resting his elbows near me at the porthole, let fall some remark such as "Lousy weather! It's always like that in these parts!" But it was not so much to me that he was speaking as to himself or the sea.

Suddenly, on our seventh day out, Tuktoyaktuk hove into sight. We had been looking for Tuktoyaktuk for a week, scanning the bleak lands with our field glasses—which were quite worthless—when suddenly from behind a sandspit, there rose up at least a dozen masts! Five minutes later, we were in port. A simple pocket, in actual fact, just about enough to give shelter from the waves, but not from the wind. But in this pocket would accumulate, if they weren't already there, all the provisions of the western Arctic, all the merchandise coming down the Mackenzie River on its way to the trappers, merchants and missionaries of the coast.

Here we waited for the *Mackenzie River*, which carried supplies for the people of Tuk, and also spare parts for our motor. After many anxious days, she finally arrived. With clever maneuvering, the *Mackenzie River* was brought to a little landing stage so that the passengers could disembark with the dignity befitting the circumstance.

Toasts were exchanged in the company's quarters. And then the "visitors" were shown around town. For a few hours, Tuk became a seaside resort! In the evening, there was an improvised gala on board the *Mackenzie River*.

At dawn, everything vanished. Reality returned. The merchandise had to be unloaded quickly, and the trappers had to find their lots among the pile of stuff. No more friendship, no more politeness! Now it was every man for himself!

The quest went on anxiously and brutally. The next day it would be over. As soon as the last sack of coal was delivered and the last bottle of rum put into the hands of its happy recipient, Tuk would close up. Until the following summer, it would be merely a neck of sand wretchedly



beaten by the winds. The men of the North would return to their solitude. And it was better that way. For they were already tired of it. Their eyes were getting bleary and their cheeks flabby. The soft life was not for them, and they knew it. But as soon as they got back to their blizzard, their eyes would clear up. They would whip up their dogs and take on their own faces.

Our next stop was Hershel, the former base, now deserted, of whalers who used to take off from San Francisco and Seattle to hunt bowheads in the Beaufort Sea.

Tuk was life and bustle. Hershel was death. The settlement was petrified. And the general aspect was even more petrified because of the whalebones that lined the shore and pointed up at the sky.

But to us, for the moment, the Arctic represented crude oil, fuel for our engines. There was a supply of it around, unusable for the Hudson's Bay Company, but not for us. For the *Audrey*—I've got to give her credit for that—consumed whatever we gave her.

We got into our overalls and went looking for logs to roll the barrels. Then down to work! Seventy-five-gallon drums sunk in the sand can put up tough resistance! Slim and I couldn't get them out. "Hey, Art!" Art came running up and started showing us with sarcasm.

Slim wasn't the joking kind. With his dried-out arms and the skin that stuck to his sinews, he looked like a skeleton trying its hand at strenuous work. What an odd contrast between the two men! When did their friendship date from? From the First World War, as I learned by chance. They had met in the Argonne trenches. Later on, Art went up North, while Slim became a miner somewhere in Canada. That was all they let slip in my presence.

By midnight we had pumped aboard 2,000 gallons of crude oil and had stowed a lot of extra barrels on deck.

We had to get going. Somewhere, as sure as fate, the ice was waiting for us. We had to hurry. The weather was all right for the time being—leaden murky with a bit of mist overhead—but there was no telling how it would turn out.

It was 10 A.M. when we lifted a muddy anchor and left the bay.

Two hundred forty miles by the log since Hershel, and still no land in sight. Had we been misled by the compass and gone too far north? In order to know exactly what was what, I climbed up to the crow's-nest and saw two thin streaks on the northwest horizon like two pillars of a porch. I yelled out to Slim who joined me with the field glasses. They were ice floes.

There were ten of them, then a hundred. They were approaching, mean and nasty-looking.

A while before, I'd been joking about the fragments of ice. They had been only precursors. Behind them came others. And still others. I climbed up to the crow's-nest again. The whole horizon was streaked. We had to "go in," and fast!

We'd been going in for a quarter of an hour. Since 180 by the compass wasn't enough, we pushed on to 160. The floes kept moving toward us. We were three men who had stopped talking. For the time being, we were still using our wits. But if matters got worse, we would have to flee.

A while before, the route had been clear at 160, then at only 140, and then at 120. Now it was blocked everywhere. The barrier had encircled us without our being able to know how thick it was or where it opened. If only we could see land. But it was getting dark. We had to moor to one of the blocks.

We tossed a hook and heaved. The hook slipped. Slim fell over backward and hurt himself on the winch. He swore horribly. We repeated the operation. This time he jumped on the ice and dug a hook in with his heel. It was half-past one when we stopped the motors. We were all tense. The atmosphere was sinister. Around us, in the darkness, the floes were bumping into each other. Not only were they moving in a definite direction, but they would also sweep around and clash together. And we were in danger of being crushed by these rotating millstones.

The *Audrey* was sweeping around with the floes. And we, with our gaffs, were struggling to pull up to one block and push away another. It was like trying to move a mountain with a toothpick. Seeing this, we changed tactics. We yanked our grapnel from one block and anchored it in the next one, so as to avoid the constant danger of being ground to atoms.

Finally, worn out with these acro-

batics, we decided to try to get to land. But how far away was it? The ten-fathom line on the map was at twenty miles offshore. Could we have been farther "out" than we thought?

We were hardly under way when we got mixed up in a mist. Once again we had to moor to the first ice floe that came along. Our navigation was sad to see. I had been asking for danger, and now that it was present, our seamanship was pitiful to behold. Slim was giving orders with a dramatic air. Art was going up and down the bridge that led to the engines. And I, very brightly, left the pilot room at the very moment I should have been going back to it. The result of it all was that the *Audrey* started carrying on like a drunk, bumping into everything in her way.

Slim had dropped into bed. Art and I kept watch. We decided to make some coffee. We sat facing each other in the messroom without a word. Every ten minutes I went up to see how things were. Mist all around. And thick!

AT six in the morning, I was still in front of the stove, shivering like a tramp. And I had an odd feeling of loneliness. Everything suddenly seemed hostile, with a hostility and indifference that nothing mitigated. With all its harshness and even its occasional pitilessness, my Arctic had at least its kindly moments, even if they were only a letup in a blizzard or the caress of a dog or the humorous comment of an Eskimo. Enough in any case, to bring a breath of warmth, of humanity. But here it was as if the universe were drained of all decency. We were moving in a barren and sinister world, carried along by a glaucous and crafty sea.

Around nine o'clock, the fog lifted and we got going again. Due east, that

is, in the direction of Coppermine! As far as we could judge, there was a free channel northwest, but that was the direction not to take. In these parts of the Arctic, there's an absolute rule: never "out," always "in." The reason is simple: if ever the winds start blowing from the land when you're out, the ice will carry you as far as the North Pole!

We therefore tried to go back. An hour later, the situation improved. We sighted a flat land . . . no, a simple islet, with a pole sticking out of it. The map showed a dot marked Beacon Pole, off Flaxman Island. Could it be that we had covered only 170 miles in a straight line from Hershel? And my spirits weren't restored by the returning mist. The Two were also in a sullen mood. Art was still having trouble with the engines. They would cough and then stop—plunk!—with that dry cough of Diesels. The wind had shifted to the northwest. If only the floes would keep away!

Alarm! Slim had sounded three fathoms, then two-and-a-half. Hard-a-starboard! All day we'd been drudging to find shallower water, and now it was too shallow. And still no land in sight.

We had to keep sounding. . . . The rope was killing my hands; the icy water was flowing into my boots. Finally Slim relieved me. I went down to the messroom to make myself eggs and coffee. I was dead on my feet (I had taken only seven hours of rest in four days), but I didn't dare stretch out for fear of succumbing to fatigue. I lit a cigarette. Smoking was the best way to keep awake.

Land at last. We sailed into it, but very gingerly on account of the shallows. There it was, a mile and a half off. Was it Point Attigaruk or Cape Halkett? No way of knowing. The



sounding line plunged. The floes were still there, but now we were sailing between them and the land.

I finally slumped down. While I was out, the *Audrey* kept hitting into the floes. Then she drifted toward the coast until she got to a point two fathoms deep. Before us, at the horizon, lay a stretch of flat land. It was Point Barrow. We had finally made it as a result of just drifting!

We advanced cautiously, for we could see sandbanks under the water. The cape was shaping up. We could make out some bumps on the ground. Probably native huts. . . . It was very chilly. Flocks of eider ducks were skimming along the water. A bay. . . . The Two decided to drop anchor, if only to inspect the motors. We had just started to enter the narrows leading into it, when we heard a scraping under the hull. The *Audrey* was immobilized. Back full! A yellowish mud rose up about us. We were aground! We dropped the sounding line. It didn't surge an inch. We were stuck, all right!

After a quarter of an hour of struggling, to the accompaniment of a volley of oaths, the *Audrey* finally got loose. Immediately we let down a boat in order to inspect the channel. Then we got started again. Three fathoms, then five. We drew in a bit more so as to be sheltered from the wind, and then we cast anchor. It was 4 P.M. "Let's have a bite!" said Art, who didn't care a hoot about being at the northernmost point of America.

There we were in the messroom. We didn't feel the least bit heroic. Tramps on a dirt road, that's what we were. Art, munching porridge with his toothless jaws. Slim, looking like a smoked herring. As for me, I was so depressed by the whole adventure, that I wanted to set foot on land, if only for an hour or two.

I jumped into the boat. Just as I was about to pull off, Art's head leaned over the side of the ship. "You'll always be able to say that you went rowing at Point Barrow!" he jeered. I didn't answer. I kicked off furiously and pulled for land.

On the shore was a thin strip of sand strewn with whalebones. I hitched the boat to one of them, grabbed my camera and jumped ashore. Just having firm land beneath my feet was enough to make me feel better.

Plovers were foraging busily at the edge of the water. I approached them within about three yards. When they heard the click, off they flew, lightly and gracefully, only to land a few yards away. The momentary flutter gave way without transition to the most perfect tranquillity, and they began to forage again.

While I was fiddling with the camera, I caught sight of some Eskimos

observing me away off. I went up to them and talked to them in my eastern language, which they understood. "Come to our homes," they said. "The white men's houses are a few miles away, but we're nearby."

It was a wretched-looking settlement of turf huts propped up by whale ribs. Other whale ribs, stuck into the ground, were used for drying fish. About twenty raggedy individuals appeared. They smiled, but they were painful to look at. It had been a bad year, they said. The ice had drifted too far out, and so it had been difficult to get at the walruses, which were their chief article of diet.

As we chatted, I noticed a pipe that was a triumph of Eskimo ingenuity. The bowl was of soft-stone; the bit was a walrus tooth that had been split in two and hollowed out in the middle; the two parts were joined by a spiral-shaped copper stem.

I bought the pipe and a few other objects. Then I noticed that it was time to get back to the *Audrey*. The Two might have needed the boat.

The Inuit escorted me. Out of politeness, and also because I owed them tobacco in exchange for the objects I had bought. They put an *umiak* (an open boat) into the water, and there they were, paddling along at top speed.

"We've been waiting for you," said Slim. "We're starting." The Two had a glum look. One of the motors was definitely off. Bad circulation, it seemed. There was only one left to do the 1,000 miles to Dutch Harbor.

We streamed the log. Four and a half knots an hour. Things looked promising!

It was 8:30 P.M. when we found ourselves due north of Point Barrow. All we could see of the post was a tower rising up from the dark land. As for the cape, it was just a promontory that stopped short. It really looked like the end of the world, in every sense of the word. No other place was so dreary, or had such a low sky. That was the outermost point of the American continent, the northern counterpart of Cape Horn.

W E'D been at sea for twenty-two days. I had been hoping that after Barrow it would be easier going, the way you feel relieved when you've reached the top of a hill after a tough climb and see the other side. We had, to be sure, changed zones in changing from an east-west to a northeast-southwest course. But all we had done was swap bad for worse. For though the ice had left us, we were now caught in mist. And the sea wasn't any the less calm. We were shaken by the same short waves.

After Point Barrow, our navigating by sight came to an end. Owing to the

increasing distance from the Magnetic Pole, our compass began to act normal again. We had headed for the first cape marked on the map: Cape Franklin. In that way, without getting too far from the coast—so as not to get lost—we would gain time.

We were still caught in the mist. Sometimes it was cotton that was so thick that we couldn't see a thing at sea, at times not even the fore part of our own ship. We would then have the impression, not that the curtain of mist had thickened, but that our sight had grown dim and that we were blind men always about to bang into something. At times, the mist became a kind of practical joker. It would settle on the left, or the right, in solid layers which transformed the setting. It would stretch a curtain along the coast and produce the same effect as small white clouds on the horizon, which would dissolve just as we approached, leaving before us only the emptiness of the sea. We would hurriedly tack, only to return to the same course ten minutes later. We were being forced into a grotesque pantomime. And so irritation was added to our feeling of impotence. Navigating under such circumstances required neither seamanship nor courage. It was a simple test of nerves. If only we could just "get out"! But we didn't dare, because of the ice. And as for land, only the sounding line could indicate how close it was, since it remained invisible.

We therefore took soundings every half hour—when we weren't at it for three and four hours at a stretch. We were just an arm swinging the pendulum. As a result of being drowned in the mist, we were turning into mist ourselves. Our clothes were like a wrapping of fog.

We hadn't seen land since Cape Barrow. I was beginning to worry. I felt that we were going dangerously far west. It was Slim's fault. He was always wanting to "sail out," for the sake of prudence. It was no use my correcting the course when I was at the wheel because he always "set it back" when he took over. But he must have thought that I was overdoing things, too, with my ideas of "going in." That gives you an idea of our teamwork. There wasn't any open hostility but rather a constant undercurrent of mistrust.

A T the rate we were moving, it would take us more than a month to get to Vancouver, if we ever got there. We decided to take regular watches: six hours on duty, three hours of sleep, and so on. For once we were all able to agree. It was a matter of prudence, in view of the state of our relations. The mere thought of their behavior drove me wild. I was so frustrated and humiliated by the situation

—which I had not only been unable to improve but had allowed to grow worse—that it maddened me. Only one thing bound us, and that was danger. But as soon as the sea fell, as soon as the danger moved off, I became the outsider again.

The adventure in which I was plunged hadn't the atmosphere of a Poe story, where the unreal takes on a fantastic reality, but rather the opposite. Here it was reality that seemed to be slowly losing its substance and dissolving. We, too, were dissolving little by little. Though we had been men of flesh and blood at the start, we had become ghosts.

I rubbed my nose to try to bring myself back to reality. What day of the week was it? What was the date? Devil take me if I knew! I strained to remember: I had left Coppermine on July 28; how many days had gone by since? Not even the word "day" had meaning any more. Time was an entirely subjective affair. Time was such that whole days could go by without leaving a trace, whereas other moments . . . I began to laugh. To think that there are computers of time who divide it into days and hours of equal duration, as if the minute of an idle man has the same value as that of a man condemned to death! If anyone had come up to me and said that we'd been drifting through the mist for only a few days, nosing along the water and sniffing like dogs, I'd have laughed at him and said, "We've always been here!" Like convicts who can no longer imagine having been anything else. Yet I had been something else! I had run through the snow; I had been almost an Eskimo. But that had been just a passing phase, like all the rest.

Our one motor was sputtering. Its water feeder didn't work well in heavy weather. . . . And still no land in sight! We passed—without seeing them—Cape Franklin, Cape Belcher and Icy Cape.

And still that choppy sea which was wearing us out. Slim lay sprawled in his bunk, with one foot dangling. Art would come up every now and then from the engine room, lean at the porthole with an air of supreme boredom and then go down again. I wanted to sleep but couldn't. Was it nervousness or overfatigue? I didn't know, but my insides felt knotted. As for the *Audrey*, when she wasn't pitching, she was rolling, with a constant creaking of her shaft. And besides, she stank. Not only of fuel oil, the barrels of which were stacked on the afterdeck, but also of wet dog.

One day, at dawn, when I had been at the helm, I noticed right up against the porthole a thick smoke which was immediately followed by little black

things flying in all directions like bats. . . . Fire! The idea has always haunted me. Fire at sea seems to me the most ghastly kind of death. . . . I touched Art's shoulder. He turned around. He grabbed Slim's leg as if he'd touched a live wire. "Hurry up!" And he tore down the stairs to the engine room. Slim jumped up and dashed to deck. The motors stopped. There was the *Audrey* dancing with the waves. The next moment, I heard a loud rush of water. I left the wheel to see what was happening. Slim was on the roof playing a hose over the exhaust pipe from which a torrent of flame was shooting. After a quarter of an hour of tragicomic tussling, the fire was finally extinguished.

Suddenly land appeared where we weren't expecting it. An 800-foot promontory. It must have been Cape Lisburne, but there was no way of being sure. Our map—which had been made in 1854—gave it a certain profile from a particular angle. But we had gone beyond this angle, and it looked quite different to us. As it pivoted before our eyes like a tailor's dummy on its base, it kept changing shape. First it had two humps, then three; then it became a frustum of a fissured cone. Still and all, it could only have been Lisburne.

We had hardly rounded it when the sea grew calm. Darkness came on. Amazing how much earlier it got dark from one day to the next. Usually, going south means going toward the light. For us who had left the twenty-four hour sun behind, it was the contrary.

At night, we were no longer able to distinguish anything at sea. Watson had just lit the riding lights for the first time since our departure. This act marked the transition from one world to the other.

Around eight, I felt myself being shaken in my sleep. "We drop anchor in a quarter of an hour!"

I didn't dare believe it. It had been such a long time! Then I rushed to the deck. There in front of us, on the broadside, was a thin strip of land stretching westward: Point Hope. Two clusters could be made out. Halfway from the extremity, bungalows; and then, at the very end, huts. The sounding line showed ten fathoms, then eight. We stopped the motor so that the *Audrey* could go along on her own momentum, and we cast anchor a half mile from shore at six fathoms.

Art and Slim went down to sleep. What an absence of curiosity! I couldn't wait to get away from the ship. What I needed was land under my feet, not that oscillating floor that rose up one moment and dropped the next. I put the jolly-boat into the water and pulled for land. Big break-



ers were crashing into the long straight beach. My boat had hardly got up on the sand when it was pulled back by a wave. And I had no grapnel. Finally I managed to get it out of the water. I left it on shore and walked to the nearest cottage. It was nine o'clock.

I knocked at the door. A handsome copper plaque on an oak door informed me that it was the home of the Reverend Harold K. And there was the Reverend in person, sleek and freshly shaved. I gave my name.

"What?" he said, as if sheltered by a thick mattress. "Di Pouncé? When did you arrive? At eight o'clock? As a matter of fact, I thought I saw . . . And what can I do for you, my good man?"

His voice flowed like syrup. I stopped short for fear of getting stuck in it.

"We'd like to have some fresh water."

"Yes, I see . . . Er . . . the trouble"—again the syrup—"is that today is Sunday."

A group of natives came up.

"Here's the committee that has come to welcome you. Greetings, my friends! This is Mr. Di Pouncé. Mr. Di Pouncé would like . . ."

I went back to the *Audrey* with the news and the Reverend's promise to provide us with fresh water. If the Two hadn't needed water, they'd have lifted anchor then and there, without

anyone's being able to tell whether it was the archdeacon or the measles they were running away from.

Then the wind shifted, and we had to seek shelter on the other side of the point. The sea was even choppier there. This time we dropped in ten fathom, and there was a swell. We had to wait for the sea to calm in order to get to land.

I finally went back. Again the waves tried to take my boat from me. The natives had to come to the rescue. Among them was the one who, that morning, had been the spokesman for the others. He told me that there was a public well.

One of the natives, Ibroolik, invited me to his home. Ibroolik stretched some skins on the ground and laid out whale meat and smoked caribou.

His wife was present, but she merely listened.

AS WE ate, I pointed to various objects and named them in Netsilik Eskimo. Ibroolik repeated the words after me. He knew them. There was an identity of language between these men who lived hundreds and hundreds of miles from each other and who had no contact. This observation alone was worth my visit to the place. Their lives are basically identical, save that the Eskimos in this area, who live on walrus and whale, are sedentary. The fact that the sea is only partially open enables them to attack the whales in calm water, at the edge of the ice. The whale feast—which has a special site on the cape—lasts several days and is accompanied by a whole ceremonial of incantations and rites. And the same kind of thing takes place at the beginning of the hunt. The life of the Eskimos here is thus more grandiose than that of my nomads. It is more “noble” to harpoon a whale than to kill a simple seal. They are also more artistic because they have the ivory of walrus. With the help of colored stones, they make the most amazing settings.

After the meal I took leave of the woman. Ibroolik and I went out into the darkness. I could see the silhouette of the *Audrey*, but I couldn't see my boat. All I could do was wait for dawn.

Back at Ibroolik's place, I stretched out on the caribou skins. Without any false embarrassment, he lay down beside his wife, who was already sleeping.

Hardly had I fallen asleep when the door opened. The head of an Eskimo appeared.

“They want you on board right away!”

I instantly felt that there was something precious in that house that I was about to leave. I got up. When I had to leave Ibroolik's dwelling, I felt my heart contract, for I sometimes feel closer to a caid of Atlas or a Poly-



nesian chief than to the men of my own time and country.

This feeling was reinforced the moment I got back. No sooner had I set foot on the deck of the *Audrey* than Slim snapped at me: “We’re leaving. We don’t have any time to waste!”

I didn’t say anything. I gave some farewell gifts to Ibroolik. “I’ll never forget your visit,” he said. Nor will I. He did not try to honor me by taking out a teapot or some other white man’s gadget, which would have been ridiculous in his home, but he received me in accordance with his code.

Out at sea again. Because of refraction, the sea now looked like a floor of sand, along which we were dragging. We were weary. Not only were we unable to catch up on our lost sleep, but we were losing more and more every day. And when we happened to make a stop, for one reason or other there was no rest.

There was still a heavy swell. My stool would rise from under me, remain balanced for a moment on two legs and then drop again.

Saint Lawrence Island loomed pale and blue at the horizon. We had done twenty miles since first sighting it, and we still had ten to go. There were two fog banks below on the horizon, but for the time being we didn’t feel threatened.

As I lay resting in peace in the mess-room, Slim’s head appeared at the top of the ladder: “A storm’s coming up. We’ll take shelter behind Saint Lawrence!”

I was back on my feet again. Sure enough, a big black mass was gathering to the south. The weather had suddenly got cooler. The sea had changed, too. It had again become, in the words of Art, “that dirty bitch you can’t ever trust.” We headed for the nearest point, though it was still away off. We stood staring at it, as if hoping

in that way to draw it toward us.

“How far would you say?”

“Ten miles?”

“Hm. Take the wheel. I’ll go look at it from up above and I’ll yell out to you.”

While we were still wondering whether or not the point was on the northwest course, we found ourselves enveloped in darkness. Slim went to take soundings. I climbed up on the bridge. We could hardly see. We had slowed.

Slim’s voice in the darkness: “Nothing at sixteen!” . . . “Still nothing at sixteen!” . . . I was beginning to worry, because there was something yellowish at the level of the water which might well have been the shore. *The Book of Nautical Instructions* said: “low swamplands, ahead of peaks.” Slim must have been thinking of the same thing, for I could hear him grumbling, “Must have had his own soundings!” Finally, he announced eleven fathoms, then immediately afterward, eight. We dropped the hook. We were now in complete darkness. Land was probably near. We could hear the surf.

The darkness was breaking up. The south-southwest wind was slowly shifting to south-southeast. At ten o’clock, as it was shifting more and more, we decided to change anchorage. We sailed westward, keeping an eye out for the reefs marked on the map. But there was nothing! Finally we approached land and cast anchor in eleven fathoms. Squalls had come up and dark clouds were gathering rapidly.

The wind was turning into a storm. The banging of the chain against the hull sounded like the Last Judgment. The rain began to fall in buckets, making visibility practically nil. If we stayed there, with the wind placed as it was, we’d be driven ashore.

“Push off!” barked Watson. “Let her take it!”

Were we going to move the *Audrey*

out at a time like that? It looked like madness.

No sooner did the boat start moving than the waves went for it. They tore into it like a pack of hounds. It all happened so suddenly that we hadn't time to defend ourselves, not even to pull up the anchor which was tossing around at the bottom.

The important thing was to get away from the coast! But would we?

In two hours, we had done a mile. It wasn't a storm, but a mad wind that was sweeping over the sea. The *Audrey* was thrashing about like an epileptic. She would bound forward, stop, rear and then fall back. Confronted with this hysteria, we were overwhelmed, annihilated. We were being tossed from one side of the pilothouse to the other, gripping at anything we could get our hands on. I clung to the wheel, but it was a total loss. Impossible to take the waves. There were no waves, only a boiling caldron.

There was epilepsy on board, too. Loose barrels were rolling over the desk. The tarpaulin of the forward hold was partially detached and was flapping all over the place. The anchor was still bouncing down below.

Slim was standing at the wheel with his legs spread wide. His forehead was lined with deep furrows that opened fanwise from the bridge of his nose. Watson, who was nearby with his cheek flat against the porthole, seemed to be saying, "To hell with the *Audrey*!"

We had been hoping to pull up the anchor before darkness. But the madness didn't let up, any more than did the jouncing of the *Audrey*. The *Audrey* was no longer a boat. She was a circus animal trying to elude the whip.

I counted the minutes. Centuries! It wasn't the effort that was painful; it was time itself. At last! I waited another minute, just to say that I held out. Then, with one hand on the wheel, I searched for Slim's body with the other. "Hey!" If he didn't wake up, I'd be a goner. At last, he got up, reached out one hand to the wheel, and then the other . . . I let go.

Dawn at last! . . . The pilothouse regained its shape. All about, the ocean was calm. The madness had gone as suddenly as it had come. I was emerging from a nightmare, like a man who has had a terrifying dream.

We shook Art. The three of us struggled in the early dawn. Again the winch refused to work. We had to grab hold of the crank. Ten fathoms of chain, then fifteen. Finally up she came. Links emerged, filed and polished by the rocks. We leaned overboard. There was no more anchor!

The Two took advantage of the calm to inspect the engines. I went down and took a shave. For the first time in

days, I got undressed. Mrs. Watson drank her first cup of coffee since Saint Lawrence. And we replaced the anchor by an old-fashioned grapnel that happened to be on board.

According to the log, we were supposed to be in the vicinity of Nunivak. Suddenly, I thought I saw land. "Ho, Slim!" He, too, had seen something. It was land all right. A promontory that corresponded to the description in the book ("280 feet, then gently sloping inland, to rise again"). We were safe. We put the log back at zero and set our course (incidentally, the magnetic variation of 55 degrees had shifted to 15).

There were now clouds of whalebirds at the horizon. Closer by, gulls and sea hawks were swooping and plunging continuously. The sea was probably teeming with fish. The fact is that we were off Bristol Bay, the center of the fisheries and canneries of Alaska.

Three sea lions were floating on the waves and for some inexplicable reason were violently whipping the water with their fins. As soon as they noticed us, they came up to the boat, maneuvering just below the surface with prodigious ease and speed.

On August 31st, at one in the morning, while I was at the wheel, I had a strange vision: I saw a peak in a cloud above my head. I rubbed my eyes. I thought I was delirious with fatigue. . . . But it *was* a peak. The foot of it was simply masked by the mist. We were surely in the Aleutians, for the map indicated that, in addition to the volcanoes in the interior which reach a height of 9,000 feet, there are peaks 3,000 to 4,000 feet high along the coasts. But which one of the Aleutians was it? The islands are strung out from Alaska to Japan. And what were we to do in the pitch-darkness? It would have been prudent to tack so as to keep off while waiting for dawn. But now that we had them, we weren't going to let go. We heaved to and kept our eyes open.

Dawn broke at six o'clock. It began to rain in buckets. We could no longer see the Aleutians. There was absolutely no visibility because of the rain. We decided to set our course south. In that way, we would be sure of finding the archipelago again.

About us were clouds of whalebirds. And in our wake something we couldn't make out. Half a dozen big brutes, whose dorsal fins were cutting through the water, were tearing into us. I went out and, in the driving rain, took a shot at them with the .270. They vanished. As I was putting the gun back, I heard Slim rapping with his heel on the upper bridge. It was our alarm signal.

"What's the matter?"

"Land aft!"

Behind us? I couldn't figure it out. We tacked about. Our noses were up in the air again. Above us was a dark summit, and farther off, behind, was an even higher mountain, the sides of which were covered with snow. The effect was indescribable. Could it have been the Matushin volcano on Unalaska Island, with an altitude of almost 6,000 feet?

We sailed along the coast for three hours, twisting our necks as we looked at the peaks, though unable to tell which island they belonged to. The rain was needling us so hard that we had to come in every ten minutes to shake the water from our eyes.

A bay at last! But as far as we could see, there was no village on the bay. So it wasn't Dutch Harbor. We stopped in order to think things over. We took out the map and compared it with what we had before us. Down below we thought we saw a channel with a signal. . . . Then two! Could it be Akutan? Could fate possibly have led us to the island of the whalers?

A NARROWS appeared, and then a gulf. At the end of the gulf were smoke and a loud dull noise. Probably the whale factories!

We stopped the motor and drifted in silence. A wharf came into sight. The wharf grew animated. Figures were waving their arms for us to come in.

I can still see the scene: the black water of the gulf, the amphitheater of bald mountains and the wharf on its pile foundations. The wharf was over our heads because of the low tide. Thirty faces looked down at us as we came alongside, no doubt wondering where we were coming from in this odd-looking boat with its naked deck, its lean flanks and its unkempt and defiant air. A ship in Akutan? It was such a rare event that arrivals were generally announced long in advance. But we had suddenly sprung up from nowhere.

There was a general silence, save for the shrill cry of a gull. The men were distrustful and were waiting to see what was what.

Finally the question came: "Where are you from?"

Without raising our eyes: "Coppermine." Apparently that meant nothing to them. Then, we condescended to add: "Coppermine, in the Arctic."

A pause. Probably they didn't believe us. Still and all, one of them finally said, "You can stay here . . . for the time being."

"Thanks!"

A siren moaned. Its echo resounded through the gulf. One by one, the men turned on their heels and went off. We remained there. Then only did something within me which hitherto had remained taut suddenly give way. A

calm came over me, an immense peace, after all that sea. . . .

The gods were with us! Not only had they dropped me on the very island I'd been seeking, but the island also had everything we needed in the way of gear and pinion. The *Audrey* would be repaired. We were given full assurance by the manager of the place. After the first moments of distrust, this giant of a man proved to be the nicest chap imaginable and was ready to help us however he could. Of course the job would take several days. But in view of the *Audrey's* condition, how could we have ever managed to do the 1,700 miles we still had to plow through the Pacific? The delay gave the Two a chance to rest and me to fulfill two of my fondest dreams, namely, to live with Eskimos and to kill whales.

THE place had a factory that was going full blast. It was savage work in an even more savage setting. I have never seen anything grimmer and harsher than the Aleutians, with their short, stubby vegetation, their bald mountains enshrouded in mist, their climate, which is less extreme than that of the Arctic but no less disagreeable because of the humidity, their flashes of livid light, and their sea, with its squalls and flurries. It was almost as if the whalers had deliberately chosen such a site so that they would be left in peace.

I was so caught up by the idea of whales that I even forgot the goal of our voyage—Vancouver. The man who had been hounded by the sea had suddenly become himself the hunter.

However, when I went to talk things over with the men on the spot, they shook their heads. "Even Mr. Van isn't allowed!" And that was all they said. I got the same reply from the manager: "There's nothing I can do for you. The captain is master of his ship." There was something he didn't want to tell me, but what was it?

I drew upon my last resources. "That's too bad. The Geographical Society and the Museum that sent me were hoping that—"

This time he looked at me a little more closely. "Do you have any identification?" I went to get my papers. He examined them. "If the captain's willing," he said. "But these people are superstitious. So far, it's not been a good season. If they don't kill anything with you on board—"

I went on board the *Kodiak* to see the captain. I had two fine fox pelts with me. When the old man saw them, his eyes lit up. That clinched the matter. I rushed to the *Audrey* to get my toothbrush and my camera and was back in no time.

The *Kodiak* immediately sailed out of the gulf with its motors purring

smoothly. It was a change after the dry vibration of our Diesels. "You won't find much comfort on board," the captain had warned me. But compared to the cockroach hole in which I slept on the *Audrey*, the berth he offered me was supercomfort. The general atmosphere, in contrast with that of the *Audrey*, was warm and intimate.

At dawn, we were on the whaling ground. The captain—an old Norwegian named Pete—was scanning the horizon. With his pipe in his mouth, he was leaning on his elbows at the window of the charthouse, as tranquilly as a householder on his balcony. "The whales seem nervous this morning. This kind of weather"—the sea was rather rough—"gets them a bit jittery. Ho, Andrew!" (to the lookout man) "Do you see anything? Wouldn't be a bad idea to let us have one!"

If I expected to find epic heroes when I joined these men, I was wide of the mark. And I must admit that my first contact was disappointing. These ill-assorted and unprepossessing men seemed more like merchant sailors. They looked as if they were going after sardines rather than whales. Except for its whaling rope, which was wound about the winch, the small cannon harpoon which was standing aft, and the gaffs and hooks, which were of larger than normal dimensions, the catcher was no different from an ordinary trawler, what with its rounded stern, its iron hull, the soot from its smokestacks and even its cook, who, so everyone said, made excellent pastry. It all gave the impression of a comfortable bourgeois existence. And the captain, with his pug nose and his domestic manner, spoke of whales not as if they were ferocious animals, but as of old acquaintances. "Those fellows have quite a machinery inside, you know. They can sure take in a lot of water!"

SUDDENLY Andrew signaled something from the top of the mast. The "old man" awoke. "Where is it? . . . That's good." (To the helmsman) "Two points to the right! . . . What?"—bending forward—"She going to blow only once? There she goes again! Full speed ahead!"

The *Kodiak* was already tearing through the waves to the spot where they expected the whale to turn up. Forward? No, it emerged from behind. Hard-a-starboard! Then began a zigzag course, for, when a whale is eating, it veers in every direction. The trick is to foresee where it will re-emerge.

The decks were already being cleared for action, while the gunner, with his legs planted wide apart amidst the flying spray, was making wild signs to the pilothouse. Everyone was running

over the deck. Some were arming themselves with gaffs, others with hooks. The placid crew had suddenly grown frenzied. In fact, this was the most surprising feature of the entire scene. Englishmen in their place would have remained calm; they would have been precise but imperturbable. But these men had Viking blood. They were no longer slow and heavy but nimble and acrobatic. They had been aroused by the spirit of the hunt, which had given them a swiftness and precision wonderful to behold.

EVEN before the monster emerged, they saw it coming. And the astoundingly slow ascent from the depths, 50 yards away, was impressive. "There he is!" they yelled in a single voice. The gunner was ready to fire. The monster's head emerged, then its neck. Two slits opened from which a column arose with a "whoooo!" Then came the middle of the body. It looked less like a fish than a pachyderm. The shot went off, catapulting the harpoon and forty fathoms of rope that whirled through the air. The ribs of the boat trembled. The gunner disappeared in a cloud of smoke (it's as dangerous to be behind the cannon as in front of it). There was just time to see the animal being hit right in the side before it disappeared in an eddy.

The boat stopped. The rope was now vertical. I leaned over the side and watched the line, at the end of which hung a whale. Was it dead? The men waited a moment and then pulled in. The rope vibrated with the tension. But the boat helped. With every lurch, it drew in five or six yards.

The whale was pulled up. It was dead. The rest happened faster than I can describe it. Two booms were thrown out in order to pass a chain around the monster's tail, which had first been amputated of its extremities. The *Kodiak* got under way again. By itself, the whale came up alongside the hull. Its throat, which was bluish-gray, tossed about in the sea like a huge waterskin. The back was streaked longitudinally with deep veins. These finbacks can easily do a speed of 35 miles an hour.

The animal had to be inflated, because whales with baleens do not float. The gaffs went into action again. They pierced a hole in the body through which a pipe was passed. When the monster had been blown up, the hole was stopped with the aid of a long pike, at the end of which was a wad of oakum.

We returned to the station. At midnight, we took off again. And at dawn, we were harpooning a second whale. "It looks like a good one, judging from the spout," Pete had said. This one, too, sank straight down. But when the

rope was pulled in, it resisted furiously. Since a whale couldn't remain submerged for more than twenty minutes, it would have to come up again. Suddenly the rope grew taut. The whale was coming up. It was emerging a hundred yards ahead of us, spouting away and plugging for all it was worth.

It towed us for an hour. No longer was it a matter of a fisherman playing a fish at the end of his line, but of an animal with a rope attached, and at the end of the rope was a 250-ton ship which it was driving at a speed of three miles an hour as if it were a locomotive. Still and all, it seemed to be tiring. We began to pull in gently, but it merely worked up more steam. Finally, we got close enough to send out another harpoon. That did the job. (But once we had to shoot seven times!) As it was early, we decided to "flag" it and go after others. After inflating it, we dug a harpoon with a pennant attached into its body and let it drift.

BETWEEN runs, I went back to the *Audrey* to see what was going on. The Two were in the pilothouse. The number of cigarette butts that had accumulated indicated that they hadn't budged.

"Aren't you going to walk around a bit?" I asked.

"Walk around?" replied Slim. "What for?"

I was more confounded than ever by the indifference of these two men to everything that happened. I hurried away from the *Audrey* and I went back to my whales. But one day, on going ashore, I was called to the telegraph office. There was a cable for me. How had it got there? I tried to figure it out. Then I realized that it must have arrived in Coppermine; that Coppermine, knowing we were to stop at

Dutch Harbor, had retransmitted it, and that Dutch Harbor had probably been informed of our presence by Akutan, owing to the fact that the Aleutians are a strategic base.

I opened the telegram: ARE WITHOUT NEWS. MOTHER. That was all. But to me, who knew my family, it expressed not only worry but anguish. The mere reading of this paper caused a sudden transformation in me.

I suddenly felt a need to get going, but for quite different reasons from those of the Two: I went back to the *Audrey*. The motors were still being repaired. The job would take another three days. As for the wireless—which might have been so helpful during the voyage, but which, with its constant "blanks," merely inflicted upon me additional disappointments—no sooner was it in order again than Slim managed to botch it with tubes that were too strong.

Finally, everything was ready. We said a rapid farewell (I gave the manager some ermine skins, and, in exchange, he gave me some sperm-whale teeth and whale ears), and we sailed into the bay. The *Audrey* tooted and was answered by the factory whistle, and everything receded.

SEVEN hours later, we got to Dutch Harbor, where there was an American coast-guard station. The bearded sailors gave us a hand with the landing. The place wasn't much more cheerful than Akutan. It was a frontier post, the kind we used to see in the old-time Western films. It was all a perfect expression of remoteness from everything, of utter dreariness.

Early in the morning, we heaved up. We crossed the Unalga Pass. Over at the tip of Cape Cheerful was a catcher fringed with foam, and closer by were whalebirds that whirled and plunged

into the water, sending up a flaky spray.

We had a fourth man on board, a Greek sailor named George who had worked on fishing boats. Art took him on because he wanted desperately to get to Vancouver. We hoped that, having an extra hand, we might get a bit more sleep.

WE WERE out in the ocean again. But this time the act of setting foot on the *Audrey* filled me with a curious kind of joy. The Two seemed to feel the same way. Maybe we had become sailors without realizing it. It was as if the sea were our natural habitat. We were at ease on the water. I might even say "in the water," for when the deck was washed by the waves in stormy weather, we were somewhat amphibious. We had taken on the assurance of people who say, "We can take anything!"

In addition, I was pleased at being with Art and Slim again. My few days' outing at Akutan had wiped away the disagreeable elements in our relationship and left only what was best, the memory of tasks performed in common. I now saw the Two as comrades, partners in adventure. I felt for once that I was *at one* with them.

It was George's presence on board that had revealed to me this unity, this complicity. George was perhaps more of a sailor than we, but he hadn't done what we had. At each of his remarks—the wheel wasn't worth a damn, he didn't like this, he didn't like that—we were *at one* against him. We forbade him to criticize the *Audrey*!

On the third day the wind started getting cooler. The horizon was veiled. And the sea was beginning to rise. . . . More breakers!

Rain was beginning to come down. The weather was getting bad. George was at the helm. His face was ashen, with an expression that seemed to be saying: "I *knew* it was bound to come!" I looked at him. Was he going to be a jinx? The rough weather was building up. The wind was rising. I could tell by the hum. It sounded like a throbbing string getting more and more taut.

My whole body felt the thing coming on, and I started trembling. I was getting scared. . . . George had been right in feeling that something serious had been brewing. He was a seaman.

Down below, the sea was swelling. Up we went, and the waves lashed out at us. "I'm pretty near sick!" said Slim. A warning shock. The *Audrey* had just been jolted. For the moment, the chief thing was still the wind, a slashing wind that sliced off the crests of the waves and hurled them horizontally through space.

I was at the helm. . . . The wheel



was going wild, too. It kicked out. Suddenly it stiffened (I was bearing down on it with all my might). Then it darted from my hands and spun three times around, almost breaking my arm.

The hood of the poop cabin had been knocked out of place by the waves. The water had got into the cabin. Mrs. Watson was sitting at the edge of her berth, petrified.

Night came down on us, as if someone were covering the sea with a lid. With the coming of darkness, our vital space contracted. The dividing line of the waters was no longer the hull, but the walls of the pilothouse. These were now the target of the sea's attack.

We had to set up in the darkness. To buttress with our shoulders. To struggle pitifully, desperately. To take the blows without knowing where they were coming from and without being able to hit back. To be squeezed together in that narrow space—the only one that was left.

I can still see myself doing an enormous split, with one foot against the helm and the other against the wall of the pilothouse. The next second, a shock dashed me against the wall and a second later hurled me back to the helm. I clung to it as it slipped. I kept running my hand over my forehead. I felt as if I were covered with big beads of sweat, and I was probably red as a beet. . . . What did the compass say? I had to keep our course. . . . *Our course*, that was all I could think of. But the needle was shaking wildly in the box. During the day, it was the danger; at night, it was madness that gripped me, that pressed down on my temples. . . . The only light was the one in the binnacle. It was tiny and feeble, but it was all we had. . . . I had to hold out until dawn!

The *Audrey* had just bolted, like a horse trying to clear an obstacle with a standing jump. I was knocked over backward. The bunk stopped me, then threw me back again. I hurled myself at the helm (it had spun all the way round as soon as I let go). I caught it again. . . . The course had shifted from 100 to 10. Had to bring it back. Dangerous as it was, this was my one and only concern. I gasped with the effort. Climbing the dial meant climbing up myself from the depths of nowhere.

A voice nearby, both close and infinitely remote: "All right!" It was Slim. He was awake and wanted to take the wheel. But I was scared. I felt that if I let go of it, anything might happen. The business of turning the wheel over to Slim was the moment of acutest anxiety. . . . He had his hands on it—two heavy hands. They looked like blades at the end of oars. I was still holding the wheel. My hands were contracted. I had a conviction

that I was the only one who had the "feel" of it. . . . Slim shoved me away. This time I let go and all life drained out of me. I collapsed limply between the helm and the chadburn.

With the return of day, the vision expanded. But it wasn't any more reassuring. The white curtain had disappeared, revealing the immensity of the sea, the tremendousness of the waters. Waves all the way to the horizon. The fight was too one-sided! . . . If a hundred tons wouldn't break us down, well, then, a thousand would! . . .

But the end didn't come. The waves swamped the *Audrey*, but she emerged every time. Slowly, solemnly. She was more of a ghost than a ship. A dead hulk that refused to lie down, that would rise up again and again and throw off its shroud. The *Audrey* emerged from the waves, blanched, as polished as a bone.

How many times had I given over the wheel and taken it again? Around us, everything was getting thicker. We were moving in slow motion. We sank into something gummy, opaque. . . .

AT DAWN, on the fourth day, it was over! The storm had subsided. The attack was followed by a deathlike calm. The *Audrey's* deck was deserted. There was no movement on board, no one to be seen. It was as if the boat had been abandoned and left to drift. We were completely inert. We had come back to life, but we felt lifeless. We were like men who, the moment the battle is over, simply collapse wherever they happen to be. During the storm, we had at least gone through the motions. But when it subsided, it left us limp.

At length, we got to our feet. There was work to be done. We had to look into the damage. Everything needed repairing. A board had to be knocked in with a hammer, the missing air shaft had to be replaced by a piece of piping, the water had to be pumped from the hold. The barrels had to be restowed, and we had to make an inventory of all objects that had disappeared. The ship had to be given a thorough going-over.

We patched up the ship as best we could. Then we resumed our course at low speed, reckoning with the fact that we had drifted as a result of the storm. The log showed 1,150 miles since Dutch Harbor. We probably weren't far from land, but would we ever make it?

I had been seeing something for some moments in the northeast. At first, I thought it was land, but it was only clouds.

The log showed 1,200 miles.

THIS time, it was land all right! Several pale blue hillocks loomed on the

horizon. They always have that odd way of surging up unexpectedly. Distance: 15 to 20 miles. According to the map, they could only be the islands at the southern tip of the Queen Charlotte archipelago. Would we get to leeward of them before nightfall?

One thousand two hundred and fifty miles by the log. And not only were the islands no closer, but they had even disappeared. The mists had come up. We could no longer count on coming in that evening.

In the morning, the mist was still there. But then the floating seaweed became more and more abundant. It looked like long speaking tubes.

Slim and I were watching a fog bank. Suddenly, through an opening, a summit appeared, followed the next moment by a complete mountain chain.

Suddenly . . . a boat. It seemed to be a fishing boat. We tacked toward it but darkness was coming on. It looked as if the boat were fleeing us. Darkness fell. We stopped the engines.

I gave George the wheel and left the pilothouse. I climbed into my berth and tried to sleep.

There was a spectacle waiting for me when I awoke, the very thing I needed to perk me up. Before me was land, the northern point of Vancouver Island, bristling with a dark green vegetation that plunged right into the water. . . . We got under way again. The struggle was over. Not only was the sea no longer an enemy, but it was now helping us. It was carrying us to our goal.

The *Audrey* was sailing through a channel between Vancouver Island and land. We passed Beaver Post and then Alert Bay, a creek teeming with fishing boats. Standing at the bow, I raised my arms and greeted the land. I turned to my companions for their approval. . . . But what was wrong?

A while before, when I had been at the wheel, delighted at the progress the ship was making, Slim had come up and stood at my side for some moments. "What's got into you?" he said with hostility. I was astounded. Hadn't they been in a hurry to arrive throughout the voyage?

I was tempted to snap back at Slim. But it would have been stupid to argue with them when we were almost in view of the port, after having restrained myself throughout the voyage. But the fact remained, the Two were avoiding me. I heard them jabbering in the engine room. What were they cooking up?

It was George who informed me. "They want to drop anchor for the night." Drop anchor? When the current was pushing us along? What was eating them?

I remained at the wheel. They didn't turn up. I stayed where I was, in a

state of tension and bewilderment.

We were approaching the Seymour Narrows when Art appeared. Standing motionless at my side, he stared at the pass. I knew what he was thinking. ("Currents of eight and a half knots," according to the book.) "Don't think we can make it!" His tone was menacing.

I said nothing. My hands contracted more tightly over the wheel. If he made the slightest motion to remove my hands—

We were now in the pass. There was plenty of current, no doubt about it. The eddies were so violent that if it hadn't been for our momentum we'd have spun about like a top. But I kept a tight hold and we sailed through. The channel opened up. It was now a mile wide. We'd be in port by dawn.

Would day ever come? I clung to the wheel with my remaining strength. I was so weary that I had difficulty breathing. Finally, the sky began to turn gray. It was reddening in the east. When I saw the light, a weight fell from me. The dawn was cool. . . . Bowen Island. If not for the faint silk-like curtain of mist, I could have seen the City.

Finally it emerged. It rose up all white in the morning. There was Vancouver, spread out before us. Its bridge was open. In front of us, boats were hurrying in from everywhere.

WE WERE at the dock. It was deserted. There was no one to welcome us. But it didn't matter.

I extracted my baggage. No one to lend me a hand. As a matter of fact, where were the Two?

In the pilothouse. Side by side. Motionless. Through the tarnished glass of the porthole I could see their faces, full of indifference, if not hostility, and

with that tight expression they had worn all along. . . . Still and all, I had to say good-by to them. For my own sake, if not for theirs.

I pushed open the door. Neither Art nor Slim budged. I looked at them. My irritation returned.

"Aren't you going on land?"

Then Slim exploded. "On land? On Sunday? When there's no beer around anywhere?"

I stood there flabbergasted. A cold glass of beer, off the tap, with a big head on it—that's what had been haunting them for days without my suspecting it.

And it was Sunday. The bars were closed. If they'd had any heart, they'd have opened just for Art and Slim.

As for me, off I ran. The *Audrey* disappeared behind the rooftops. With a bag on my shoulder and a beard on my chin, I hurried to a hotel in order to wash and shave and become a man again.

Whereas They . . . barricaded inside their pilothouse. Their faces drawn, their noses flat against the portholes. . . . Frustrated. Furious. Two against the universe with their hostility. What was the good of coming into port—after an absence of fifteen years—if you couldn't even treat yourself to a glass of beer!

It was on this ironic note that my voyage ended. Upon reaching our goal, I felt that I was coming out of a nightmare. Though I was obliged to remain in Vancouver for three weeks, never once did I dare go back to the port to see whether the *Audrey* was still there and what had happened.

I SHOULD not like to end this book without adding one last episode.

The reader will recall that in Akutan I had received a message from my

mother, a message that had been particularly anxious because until then I had made it my business to give my parents news of my doings and whereabouts. And my parents, amidst their life of dignity and comfort, were reassured by the thought that wherever I went there would always be an "official" to watch over and welcome me. (You can just see the French Ambassador, girded with the Grand Cord on of the Legion of Honor, coming to meet me on an ice floe!) Nevertheless, in order to reassure them, I had sent my mother the following telegram from Dutch Harbor:

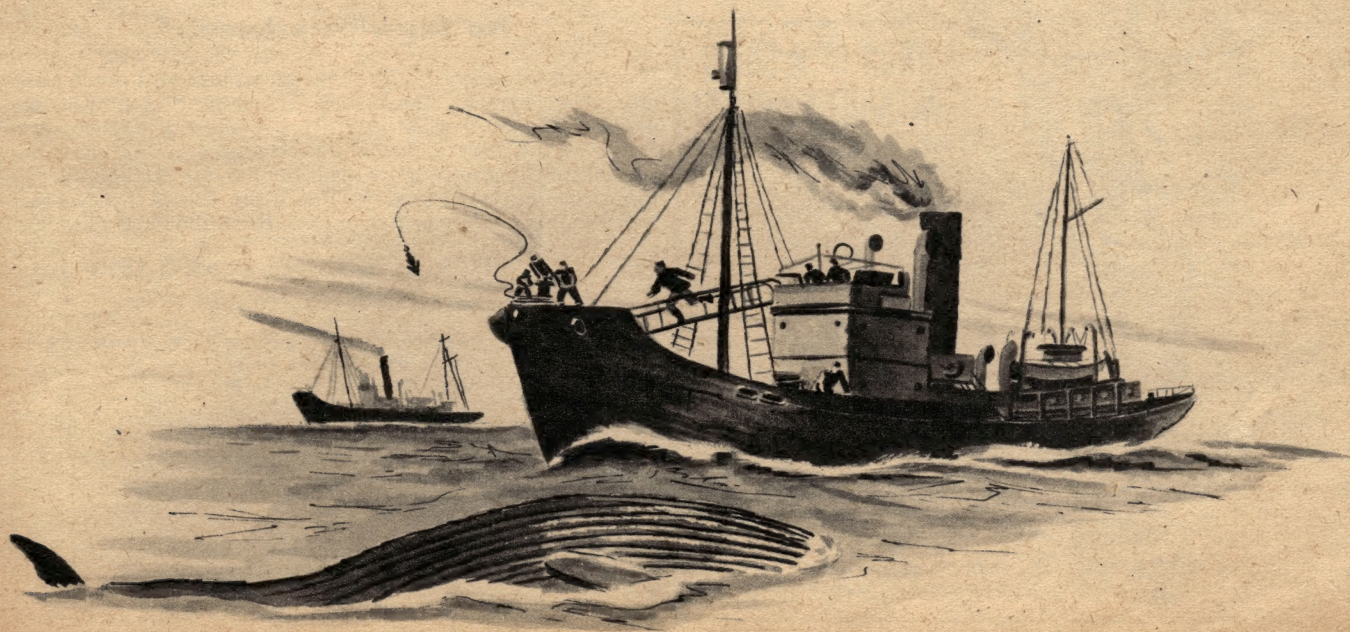
PLEASE CABLE NEWS CARE OF GENERAL DELIVERY VANCOUVER.

When I got to Vancouver, I went directly to the best hotel in town, where my entrance (I was gaunt and bearded, and sockless in my moccasins) created such a stir that the manager rushed in to see what was going on. I was finally given a room. Whereupon I locked myself in and took a bath. The water was black! I took a second bath. It was still black! I thought I'd never get the dirt off! Finally I was presentable enough to go to the post office. When I got there and gave my name, a mild old gentleman with steel-rimmed glasses told me, "We've got a letter here, in French. I think it concerns you. Would you like to see it? We haven't been able to make it out." He went off and returned holding an envelope on which I recognized my mother's handwriting. The envelope was addressed to: General de Livery, Vancouver. The letter read as follows:

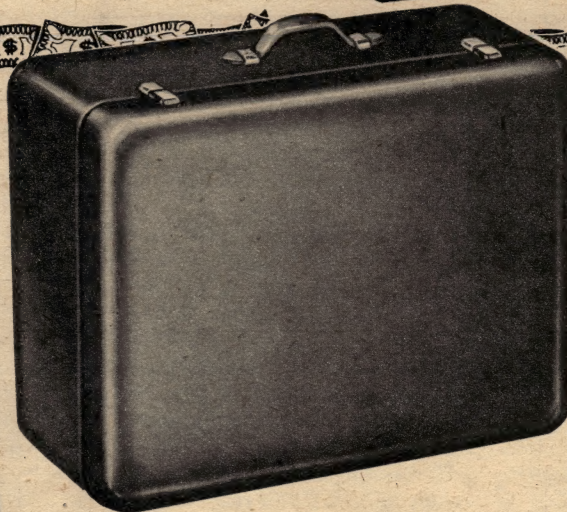
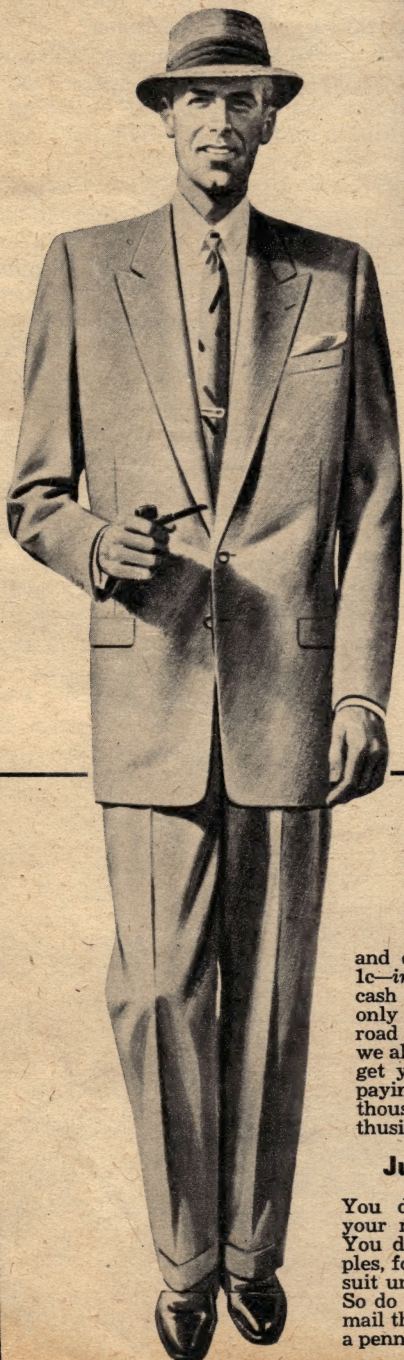
My dear General,

Since you have been so kind as to look after our son, I should be grateful if you told him that all is well and that we are expecting him.

Believe me, dear General— ♦♦♦



Men! Send for This Money-Making Outfit **FREE!**



See How Easy
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Do you want to make more money in full or spare time... as much as \$30.00 in a day? Then mail the coupon below for this **BIG OUTFIT**, sent you **FREE**, containing more than 100 fine quality fabrics, sensational values in made-to-measure suits, topcoats, and overcoats. Take orders from friends, neighbors, fellow-workers. Every man prefers better-fitting, better-looking made-to-measure clothes, and when you show the many beautiful, high quality fabrics—mention the low prices for made-to-measure fit and style—and show our guarantee of satisfaction, you take orders right and left. You collect a big cash profit in advance on every order, and build up fine permanent income for yourself in spare or full time.

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Our plan makes it easy for you to get your own personal suits, topcoats, and overcoats without paying 1c—in addition to your big cash earnings. Think of it! Not only do we start you on the road to making big money but we also make it easy for you to get your own clothes without paying one penny. No wonder thousands of men write enthusiastic letters of thanks.

Just Mail Coupon

You don't invest a penny of your money now or any time. You don't pay money for samples, for outfits, or for your own suit under our remarkable plan. So do as other men have done—mail the coupon now. Don't send a penny. Just send us the coupon.

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J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

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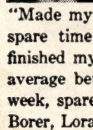
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I TRAINED THESE MEN



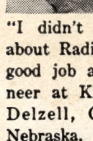
"Am transmitter-studio operator at KPAT. Most important day of my life was when I enrolled with NRI."—Elmer Frewaldt, Madison, S. Dakota.



"Made my first \$100 from spare time work before I finished my course. Now I average better than \$10 a week, spare time."—Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.



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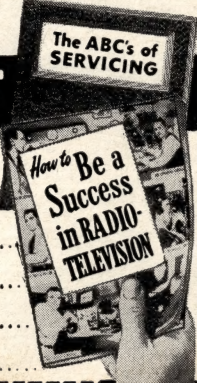
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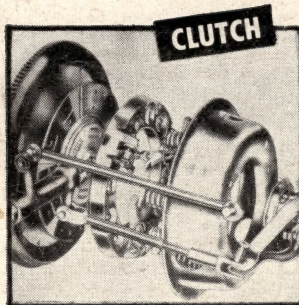
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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
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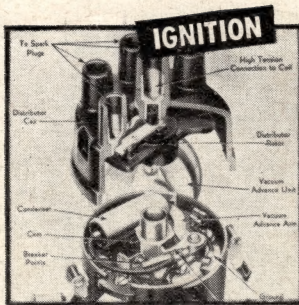
VETS write in date of discharge



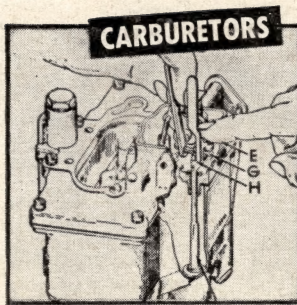
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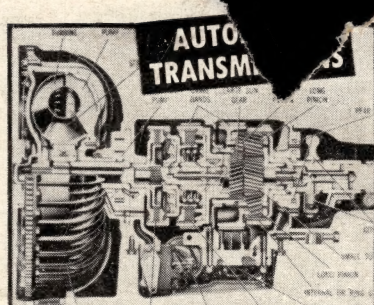
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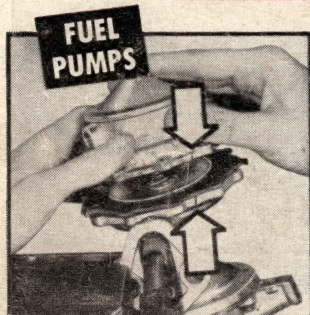


You get illustrated repair procedures for all types of carburetors.

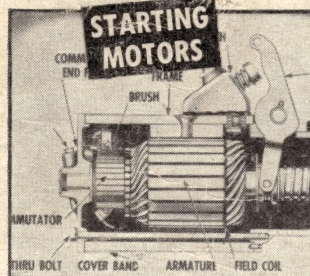


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